The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception

News Notes.

The Bookman for September will contain an illustrated article on Swift by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

The death of Sir Spencer Walpole followed with dramatic suddenness his conspicuous appearance as chairman of the London Library annual meeting a few weeks ago. His value as the biographer of his great-uncle, Spencer Perceval, and of Lord John Russell, no less than as the author of the two well-known histories of England, from 1815 to 1858 and from 1858 to 1870, was eloquently referred to on that occasion by Lord Acton's former collaborator, Mr. Gooch.

Of all historians of the nineteenth century, not excluding Mr. Herbert Paul, it may, we think, be safely said that Sir Spencer Walpole was the most readable. The skill he showed as a manipulator of complex material is attested by the remarkable fact that when his history was set as a special subject in one of the London University examinations, everyone of the candidates got well over half marks in this particular paper.

The historian was often confused with his father, the notorious Home Secretary who wept so copiously upon receiving a deputation from the strenuous reformers who subsequently pulled down the railings in Hyde Park, and was, appropriately enough, the original of the virtuous Aubrey in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Thus, in a publication called "People of the Period," Sir Spencer's books are all attributed to his father, who had attained when that work was published the respectable age of ninety-two.

Apropos of the characters in "Ten Thousand a Year," a valuable discovery of all the legal and other originals is to be made in a shortly forthcoming article in the *Cornhill*, by Mr. J. G. Atlay.

A very charming book of the irresponsible vagabond order, in which Borrovian qualities are blended with a skill in fictitious plot, such as appertains, let us say, to Mr. Robert W. Chambers, has been written by Mr. James Prior, known hitherto for his life-like portraiture of provincial life in the Nottingham Forest and adjacent regions a hundred years ago. The "Walking Gentleman" is a new departure in more ways than one. It will be published next month.

The historical spirit and sense of the unity and solidarity of history which are responsible for our pageants seem likely to penetrate the nursery. Mrs. Lilian Frances Purdon, formerly a classical teacher at Bedford School, who has already produced two charming plays for girls, "Persephone" and "Psyche," has gone back yet further, and given her growing *clientèle* a drama on the Shoes of Rhodopis, the "Egyptian Cinderella," which will be found rich in pictorial effects. In a collected form these little plays will be found admirable for "breaking-up" parties, as they can be staged with every degree of elaborateness, but

lend themselves with ease to the very simplest style of presentation.

Like Mrs. Lilian Purdon, Mr. Granville Barker seeks his best inspiration from Euripides. At least he told his admirers, at the dinner given in his honour at the Criterion a fortnight back, that he learnt more as to staging, and pictorial or scenic effect in the broadest sense, from Euripides, than from any other dramatic author. It is good news that plays are to be forthcoming at the Savoy from the author of "The Voysey Inheritance" himself, and also from Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Masefield.

Paul Bourget's new work, "L'Émigré," deals with a sentiment strong among historical idealists of the present day—repugnance for the contemporary era of democratic reform, and sympathy with the more picturesque and unregenerate past. In France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and even America, there is an increasing number of cultivated people who can muster no enthusiasm for the strenuous and somewhat commonplace and material ideals of the younger generation. In England there is probably less antagonism between the two schemes of thought than anywhere else. As in Scott's time, the Anglo-Saxon shows an extraordinary capacity for combining ancestor-worship with the most advanced creed of social enlightenment.

The eminent critic of the *Mercure* Mr. Davray,

From an engraving by C. Grignion.

Bust of John Leland.

See page 174.

Formerly in All Soul's College, Oxford.
(Reproduced from "The Itinerary of John Leland," Parts 1-3, by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

J. E. Muddock ("Dick Donovan").

Vide page 182.

(Reproduced by kind permission of T. Werner Laurie.)

speaks with high appreciation of Mr. Bernard Pares's great book on "Russia and Reform," which he places on the same plane with the most popular of all French books on Russia, "L'Empire Russe et le Tsarisme" of Victor Bérard. But the English author most in evidence in Paris just at present is Mr. Hornung, whose "Raffles," at the Théâtre Rejane, is displaying qualities "de quoi dérider les plus moroses."

A serious loss to theatrical journalism has been experienced in the death of the veteran, Joseph Knight, F.S.A., for many years editor of *Notes and Queries*, and dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*. We have seen nothing better in the way of short obituaries than the two notices signed V.R. in the *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries* respectively.

Mr. Knight was a great raconteur, his repertory of stories being old Victorian, racy of the metropolis (he seldom left London, and then only in strong protest), and fruity both in tone and matter of a Bohemianism now dissolved into fresh elements. As an historical biographer of the English stage, Mr. Knight had no rival in England. He wrote practically all the theatrical memoirs, as Sir J. K. Laughton did practically all the naval memoirs for the "Dictionary of National Biography." One of the very few that escaped him was the life of Kynaston, famous at the Restoration as the last of the boy-actors in women's parts. But the value of his work can only be recog-

nised by those familiar with the chaotic obscurity and mendacity of our theatrical records.

The reissue of the Dictionary of National Biography in twenty-two volumes on thin paper points to the steady and increasing reputation of that monumental work. The volumes will be shapelier than the old in the new cloth binding, and will, of course, contain a large number of the corrections, all, that is to say, which have been made in the stereo plates. The need will soon be apparent for supplementary volumes, embodying the obituaries of the ten years (let us say) since the completion of the substantive work. The sale for such volumes would be regular and extensive, and it is the general desire that such volumes might be organised by the original projectors and directors of this greatest of all English works of reference.

A new collected edition of "The Poetical Works of George Darley" is soon to be added to Messrs. Routledge's "Muses' Library." This reprint is to include "Sylvia, or the May Queen," a lyrical drama much admired by Coleridge when it was first published in 1827, and "Nepenthe," a remarkable poem of which only three copies of the original edition are extant. The new edition will contain an introduction by Mr. Ramsay Colles, who lately edited the "Poems of Beddoes."

No author, not excepting Shakespeare, has the popularity that has clung to Dickens ever since the appearance of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," and his is a popularity that is bounded by no class or classes. All the world reads Dickens, from the peer to the pauper, from the actor to the artisan. So it comes to pass that there appears at the same time a "Popular" edition in about a score of shilling volumes, and a "National" edition in double that number of volumes at ten times the price. Much interest attaches to the more luxurious issue, for therein, for the first time, will appear a number of articles that Dickens contributed anonymously to *Household Words*, which have recently been identified by Mr. B. W. Matz's researches in an old office-book of that famous periodical.

In nothing in the world is reaction so marked as in literature, and at present the works of many early and mid-Victorian novelists are suffering from neglect, as the almost inevitable consequence of their having been over-praised during the lifetime of their authors. Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot possess qualities that make it impossible for any wave of opinion seriously to affect them, but the rest are temporarily under a cloud. Ainsworth is one of the latter, and it is doubtful if he will ever again emerge—except in the boys' realm—into the sunshine of popularity; and Douglas Jerrold and Samuel Lover have quite gone under. Disraeli and Lever are little read (but they will surely, in the whirligig of time, again come into their own), and the critics combine to disparage Bulwer Lytton. Indeed, the only favourable opinion expressed of recent years on that much-abused writer appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1903; but a revival of interest in that once immensely popular writer of fiction is certain, and the first sign of it may be discovered in the splendid new Edinburgh edition, announced by Messrs. J. G. Howell and Co., which will be complete in twenty-nine volumes. It is a brave venture even to-day, but a few years ago the mere thought of it would

Photograph by W. J. Roberts. **Mr. C. E. Lawrence.**
Author of "Pilgrimage." *Vide* BOOKMAN for July, page 142.

have taken away the breath of the hardiest pioneer in the publishing world.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing shortly a collection of humorous verse by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, most of which has appeared in *Punch*, the *Sketch*, and other well-known periodicals. The book will be entitled "The Shadow Show," and is to have a frontispiece by Starr Wood.

On July 11th, the fourth anniversary of the poet's death, a replica of the Rodin bust of W. E. Henley was unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's. Many notable literary persons gathered at the ceremony, and Mr. George Meredith contributed a characteristic and worthy eulogy. In this connection it may be noted that the promised complete edition of Henley's works is in sight. It will be in seven volumes.

Messrs. T. F. Henderson and Francis Watt have

prepared a book on "Scotland of To-day," which Messrs. Methuen will publish in the course of next month. The authors believe that Scotland is undergoing extensive change, notably in its social and religious life, and of such changes they have taken careful note. There are special chapters on the historical development of the Scot, the Kirk, the Law, the Schools and Universities, Art and Literature, amusement and sport, even Food and Drink. A complete picture of New Scotland has thus been attempted.

There has always been a number of men of letters who have expressed their desire that the fountain of honour should shower titles and ribbons upon those who tread the higher paths of literature. Thackeray voiced his belief in no uncertain terms—and doubtless would have been pleased enough to be K.C.B.—and Sir Walter Besant urged the same view in and out of season. To take the case of the solitary example of an English author made a peer for his writings: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was no whit greater or more worthy than Alfred Tennyson; but that is not the point at issue. If artists, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, engineers, actors, scientists, merchants, and tradesmen are created peers, baronets and knights of various orders, why should men of letters be ignored?

The fact that the literary calling is ignored by those who distribute honours, and that this creates little or no comment, speaks volumes for the dignity and good sense of its members, for there cannot be any doubt that, with all the newspapers of the day at their command, they could back their demands with such force that no ministry could withstand them—and survive. There is, perhaps, another reason for the silence that is preserved on the subject; while the little (and not necessarily unpopular) writers would not disdain a handle to their name, they have no spur to create a commotion, knowing they cannot be served until some at least of their betters have been betitled or bedecked, and that the great men's yearnings do not go in that direction.

Yet, without entering into the vexed question of the value of honours, since they do exist, why should not men of letters have their share? When the present Government came into power, and it was noted how strong in literary talent it was, many thought that now literature would be recognised, and its followers rewarded with the good things that cost nothing—except to the recipient. The Government has spoken; it has bestowed a simple knighthood upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert! None will cavil that the veteran mirth-maker should be selected, but that, being chosen as the representative of letters, he should accept a rank regarded as below the dignity of the worthy tradesman who officiates as Lord Mayor, is one of those things "no fellow can understand."

Two important historical studies will be published by Messrs. Constable this autumn, one a pendant to the useful Life of John of Gaunt, which supplied a long-felt want in English History, in another fourteenth century Life of a rather suppressed historical figure, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester; the other a very thorough and carefully documented and illustrated study of "The Beautiful Duchess" of the eighteenth century, by Mr. Horace Bleackley.

The bestowal of a civil list pension on Mr. John Davidson might be taken as testimony to the liberal spirit of our age. With his every succeeding book Mr. Davidson deals a shrewder buffet at accepted things—till the very Nietzsche pales into orthodoxy. But apart from his philosophy, he, of all living poets (always excepting Swinburne and Meredith), has uttered the newest thoughts in the sweetest verse. And we have his own word, that in unpopularity he is also without rival.

For the illustration of the article on Hamlet we are much indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., and Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

AMONG the younger generation of literary men are numbered many novelists and playwrights whose work may be said to exhibit qualities of exceptional brilliance, and of these, the writers with a big reputation already made and an obviously big future ahead, Mr. John Galsworthy yields precedence to none. His three latest novels, displaying as they do a touch perfected by years of assiduous literary practice, have proved him for what he is—"an easy master" in the art of novel-writing; while his plays have received what is perhaps in these days the only hall-mark of English dramatic genius that is above suspicion—the approval stamp of the Court Theatre. In Mr. Galsworthy's work one never notices that unpleasant obtrusion of the author's personality which is so disagreeably evident in many of the very excellent things turned out by others of his generation, the generation of abnormally clever men whose fame is yet fresh. Mr. Bernard Shaw has a Court Theatre reputation, he has brains, or some of us still think he has, but he is also abominably conceited. What is worse, he is always airing his conceit, he thinks it rather fine. Mr. Galsworthy is quite as

clever as Mr. Shaw, but he never seeks to dazzle his public with spurious brilliance and false paradox, he never plays to the gallery; in effect, he behaves himself properly. In point of fact he strikes those who meet him as being almost too modest about himself and his work.

Mr. Galsworthy looks younger than he is. He is forty this year. He was born in 1867, he spent his schooldays at Harrow, and from there he went on to New College, Oxford. On coming down, he read for the Bar—in those days he looked forward, not to a big reputation in literature, but to an Admiralty practice. Why he eventually devoted his energies to becoming a man of letters rather than a man of law it would be hard for him to say, but we can be certain that in those early years his powers of observation were standing him in good stead; he must have been, unconsciously perhaps, deeply studying his fellow men, noting their foibles and their peculiarities, weighing them in the balance, and generally, we fear, finding them wanting. It was at this period that he made the acquaintance of a writer who ranks undeniably among our greatest living stylists, we mean Mr. Joseph Conrad. Mr. Conrad has his detractors; perhaps it must be admitted that his sense of the beauty of form is somewhat limited; his sentences, nay more, his paragraphs, are often perfect, but his complete stories, if not actually "without form and void," seem indeterminate, incomplete. Be that as it may, the younger man became straightway a devoted admirer of the elder man's work. Mr. Galsworthy will have it that he owes a great deal to Joseph Conrad.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

It is a fact that two men may hold opinions diametrically opposed, and yet both be right. Many modern writers think, and from their point of view correctly, that most things pertaining to the art of novel-writing may be learnt from Dickens and Thackeray and a few other Englishmen. For instance, Mr. De Morgan affirms that he owes nearly everything to Charles Dickens. Mr. Galsworthy, while loving Thackeray and Dickens, thinks them "delightfully naïve," and insists that he can learn little from either of them. Of course, he is quite right, as is Mr. De Morgan. He found the man who could teach him what he wanted to know in the great writer whose works are classics—Turguenev. "I think," Mr. Galsworthy has said to us, "that Turguenev, above all men, teaches you what is more important than everything else—he teaches you what to leave out." In this matter of technique Mr. Galsworthy found that Russian authors generally could show him more than he was able to learn from the works of writers of any other nationality, if we except, perhaps, among Frenchmen—Guy de Maupassant and Anatole France.

It was in '95 that Mr. Galsworthy first discovered in himself the impulse to write, and under the pseudonym of John Sinjohn he published, in the following six years, four books. The first two of these were written merely to get his hand in; he regards them as prentice work, and not to be taken seriously. His novel, "Villa Rubein," published by Duckworth in '99, first showed signs of what Mr. Galsworthy was really capable. Two years later came another book, "A Man of Devon," containing four short stories, published this time by Blackwood. It is possible that we may see these works re-issued.

Not till three years after this did Mr. Galsworthy give us, through Mr. William Heinemann, the first of that remarkable trilogy of novels which has made his name: "The Island Pharisees," "The Man of Property," and "The Country House," published in 1904, 1906, and 1907. Through these three most notable stories runs one germinal idea. What that idea is, is for each reader to determine to his own satisfaction.

Who has hit off those two great classes, usually known as "the upper middle" and "Society," as they have been hit off respectively in "The Man of Property" and "The Country House"? How well we know each and every one of the Forsyte family. Having read "The Man of Property," we unconsciously dub quite half our acquaintances "Forsytes," we know them all—Old Jolyon, James, Swithin, Soames, Roger, and Young Jolyon.

"They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that they were all what is called 'of a certain position.' They had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet—with the exception of Timothy—in consols, for they had no dread in life like that of three per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, too, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics. From their father, the stonemason, they inherited a talent for bricks and mortar. Originally, perhaps, members of some primitive sect, they were now, in the natural course of things, members of the Church of England, and caused

their wives and children to attend with some regularity the more fashionable churches of the Metropolis. To have doubted their Christianity would have caused them both pain and surprise. Some of them paid for pews, thus expressing in the most practical form their sympathy with the teachings of Christ.

"Their residences, placed at stated intervals round the Park, watched like sentinels, lest the fair heart of this London, where their desires were fixed, should slip from their clutches, and leave them lower in their own estimations.

And again, how intensely real are all the characters of "The Country House." Sweet Mrs. Margery Pendyce, who could act decisively on occasion because she "had Totteridge blood in her," Mrs. Bellew, the Rev. Hussell Barter, George Pendyce, whose mother understood him and sympathised with him so perfectly, and who had so much of his father in him; John the spaniel, and, above all, the squire himself, Horace Pendyce. This was the creed of the squire:

"I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate; and I believe in myself and my son and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in the Public Schools, and especially the Public School that I was at. And I believe in my social equals and the country house, and in things as they are, for ever and ever. Amen."

The spaniel John is a portrait, whose original dogs Mr. Galsworthy's own heels. Of him it has been said: "The squire's 'Damn the dog! Oh, *poor* John!' when he has carelessly trodden on its tail and it hovers uncertain how it has offended, is admirable. . . . Unhappy, except when he was being cursed or caressed by Horace Pendyce, haunting his heels, become a part of himself, resembling him in the shape of his skull, and the only part of himself which he ever treated irreverently, he is more brilliantly used than any other animal one can think of in fiction."

Made sure of himself by the great success of "The Man of Property," and inspired by an idea, which he calls a "germ," that had been with him for some time, Mr. Galsworthy wrote a play. In September, 1906, "The Silver Box" was produced at the Court Theatre, and in April of this year it was revived. Many readers of THE BOOKMAN must have seen it and appreciated it. To these, and to everyone who knows Mr. Galsworthy's work, the news that he is finishing another play to be produced by Mr. Vedrenne at the Savoy next month will be welcome. Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Vedrenne have allowed us to announce the title of this play. The name is a short one—the play is to be called "Joy."

As well-known writers go, Mr. Galsworthy is young yet. A writer of fine novels and fine plays, he never intends to make the mistake of allowing his novels to be dramatised, or of writing up in the form of stories the "germs" of plays that have occurred to him. He is going to write more plays and more novels. He has another story in hand now—it may be finished next year, it may be finished the year after, he cannot tell us, but he may rest assured that there will be a "rush" for it when it does come out. We are grateful to Mr. Galsworthy for the pleasure that he has already given us, and we expect him to go on making us grateful to him for very many years to come.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1.

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BOILEAU.—Les Epitres—Les Satires. Préface d'Augustin Filon. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.
(The above are two new volumes of "Les Classiques Français.")
DUMAS.—The Horoscope and the Brigand. Chauvelin's Will, etc. Sylvandine. 2s. 6d. net each, cloth. (The final three vols. of Dent's new 48-vol.-edition of the Works of Dumas.)
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THE READER.

HAMLET.

By "Z."

IF one were asked to name the greatest single work, the greatest single and complete achievement of the human intellect, in all literature, from the remotest dawn of history to the present day, there is no doubt that the response would have to be *Hamlet*. It is possible that Æschylus rivals Shakespeare in one or two directions, though I know not where else in all poetry there is any scene to surpass—in Æschylean qualities alone—that vast doom-fraught opening of *Hamlet*, where the guards are changing and the midnight hour striking, and through the unfathomable and eternal gloom surrounding Elsinore the first dreadful suspicion stalks and the long agony begins:

> "King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me. . .
> tell—why the sepulchre
> Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned
> *Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws*
> *To cast thee up again.*"

But the play combines a thousand other qualities which—taken all together—we should seek in vain elsewhere. The very vastness of the work—as much almost as its depth and subtlety—has blinded not only Voltaire, not only Gigadibs and the Germans, but also the majority of English commentators, to its structural perfection. The flawlessness of *Hamlet* is not realised as it should be. A flawless work—from the first syllable to the last—it becomes, by virtue of its dramatic perfection, in a certain sense, symbolical. From the first syllables, the challenging cry of the mortal sentry amidst that mysterious gloom, to the last discharges of cannon at the clouds, the play is loaded with the passion of the soul of Shakespeare.

"Who's there?" cries Bernardo across the platform. "Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself," replies the sentry of this play of doubt and questioning. "Long live the king!" crashes out the opening ironic chord; and henceforward, with every phrase the music deepens and broadens. "'Tis bitter cold and I am sick at heart." "Have you had quiet guard?" "Not a mouse stirring." "Well, good-night."

From the very first cry—as we said—darkness and doubt, weariness and suspicion begin to unfold themselves. "You come most carefully upon your hour," is the third brief remark of the sentry, intended by Shakespeare no doubt to help the audience at the outset to realise that this was no ordinary changing of the guard, but that Bernardo had probably come a little early and anxiously, remembering his previous night's experience, though as the audience know nothing of this till later, it is perhaps more like a touch of some conscientious sculptor to a part of his work that will be out of sight, high up in a cathedral.

Hamlet abounds in touches of this kind, more even than any other play of Shakespeare. Mr. Swinburne, with his usual insight, has pointed out more clearly than anyone else "the innumerable indications which only a purblind perversity can overlook of the special store set by Shakespeare himself on this favourite work, and the exceptional pains taken by him to preserve it for after-time in such fulness of finished form as might make it worthiest of profound and perpetual study by the light of far other lamps than illuminate the stage."

The vast differences between the first edition of *Hamlet* and the play as we now have it was not achieved without infinite pains. In the first play "the deeper complexities of the subject are merely indicated. Simple and trenchant outlines of character are yet to be supplanted by features of subtler suggestion and infinite interfusion. Hamlet himself is almost more of a satirist than a philosopher. The Queen, whose finished figure is now something of a riddle, stands out simply enough in the first sketch as confidant of Horatio, if not as accomplice of Hamlet." But perhaps one of the most interesting changes, from an artistic point of view, is that which Shakespeare made in the "play within the play." The original "play within the play" was written in quiet, plain, and sweetly-flowing verses, not to be distinguished from many other passages in Shakespeare's own works. These verses were afterwards deliberately discarded by Shakespeare for stiff, enormous, ranting passages, "full-charged with heavy classic artillery of Phœbus and Neptune, and Tellus and Hymen." This change was made entirely to get the right perspective, to mark the difference between the speech of the play and the speech of its spectators on the stage. The effect is two-fold, of course, for it adds to the illusion of the inner play; but also adds equally to the reality of the outer play. "Scene by scene," says Mr. Swinburne, "line for line, stroke upon stroke, and touch after touch, Shakespeare went over all the old laboured ground again; and not to ensure success in his own day and fill his pockets with contemporary pence, but merely and wholly with a purpose to make it worthy of himself and his future students. Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our own. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Hemings and Condell. We may almost assume it as certain that no boards have ever echoed—at least, more than once or twice—to the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Those words which combine the noblest pleading ever proffered for the rights of human reason with the loftiest vindication ever uttered of those rights, no mortal ear within our knowledge has ever heard spoken on the stage."

The play grew to perfection like a tree, a natural and unhampered growth of the mind of the greatest poet and greatest artist the world has ever known. How wonderfully illuminating, right and "inevitable" is the arrangement of those opening scenes! We are shown, first, the night surging round the little castle

of Elsinore, as Eternity surges around Time. We are then taken into its lighted room of state, and shown the King and Queen and courtiers; and, like a fragment of that eternal night which has somehow strayed into the golden glare of its hollow pomp and rotten vanity, Hamlet.

"Seems, madam! nay, it *is*; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black . . .
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show."

Hamlet's whole secret is in that last line. He is not the irresolute creature, the victim of a diseased will, that Goethe pictured him. He is resolute enough when there is anything definite for him to do, as when he hunts down the ghost, despite all the remonstrances of his friends, or as when he beats off the pirates on his voyage to England. He is the idealist amongst shams, a sane, honest, deep-hearted man in a net-work of vile circumstances. He is wroth with those he loves, and it works like madness in his brain; but, throughout the play, he is never mad. He never even feigns madness. He makes fierce, contemptuous utterances to Polonius about clouds and sunsets; he tramples on what hurts him as a man bites on a sore tooth in a kind of sensual ecstasy. But—throughout the whole play—he is almost the only character who is completely right and sane. His remark about putting an "antic disposition" on has misled many of those who are temperamentally incapable of sympathising with his outbursts into thinking the greater part of his subsequent behaviour a kind of pose, a cleverly-feigned piece of madness. This is not true, and Hamlet's remark will bear no such interpretation. He was merely warning his friends not to try and explain. For it must be remembered that even his friends knew nothing of what the ghost had confided to him—and his behaviour even to them would no doubt seem to proceed from an antic disposition. The King, with his guilty conscience, saw nothing "antic" about it at all. Neither should the audience or the readers. That kind of criticism should be left to Polonius, with his harping on his daughter. Hamlet had that within which passed all show. He knew not "seems." He was a man seeking for realities in a world of illusions and dreams and vanishing phantoms. He was so much greater a man than any around him that he was eternally alone; and the vileness of the circumstances in which he found himself nauseated him. While the incestuous king and queen were drinking together and the cannon impotently bruiting it to the clouds, Hamlet was crying aloud:—

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world . . .
. . . . . .
why she, even she—
O, God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer."

Never was intellectual agony depicted as it is here, intellectual agony straining the physical heart and sinews to bursting point. Here is no madness, but the sublime madness of the man of high ideals set in a vile environment with apparently no hope of escape. He cannot escape, intellectually, from the sins of his own mother. It is one of the bitterest cries in his outburst to Ophelia:—

"I did love you once.
Ophelia: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Hamlet: You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it; I loved you not."

Falsehood, falsehood, and falsehood surrounded him on every side. He knew that even Ophelia was the instrument of under-handed instigation.

Hamlet: Where's your father?
Ophelia: At home, my lord.

The lie was glib; but there is no doubt that Hamlet felt it instinctively, and that it was the cause of his tirade against her. Previously he had, for the most part, been merely accusing himself.

"I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us." But now his cry becomes one of the unutterable torment of a soul baffled by falsehood in those it loves:—

"I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble and you lisp and nick-name God's creatures. . . . Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad."

But there is no more madness in this, or feigned madness, or "antic disposition," than there is in that bitterest of all retorts, when to the Queen's remark, "Good Hamlet, thou know'st 'tis common," he replies:—

"Ay, madam, it is common."

It must be remembered, too, that the chief poison at work in the mind of Hamlet is not the murder of his father, but the haste of his mother to marry his father's brother. That was a matter about which he had no doubts at all. He was never quite sure of the guilt of his uncle. The sexual side of the question was here—as always—productive of the most deadly kind of evil; and the tortures of a man of Hamlet's ideals in a sexual tangle of that kind would—as Shakespeare has depicted them—show themselves in every phase of his life, quite prevent him—for instance—from being able to retain any clear faith in human love, and probably inspire him with a horror of human passions.

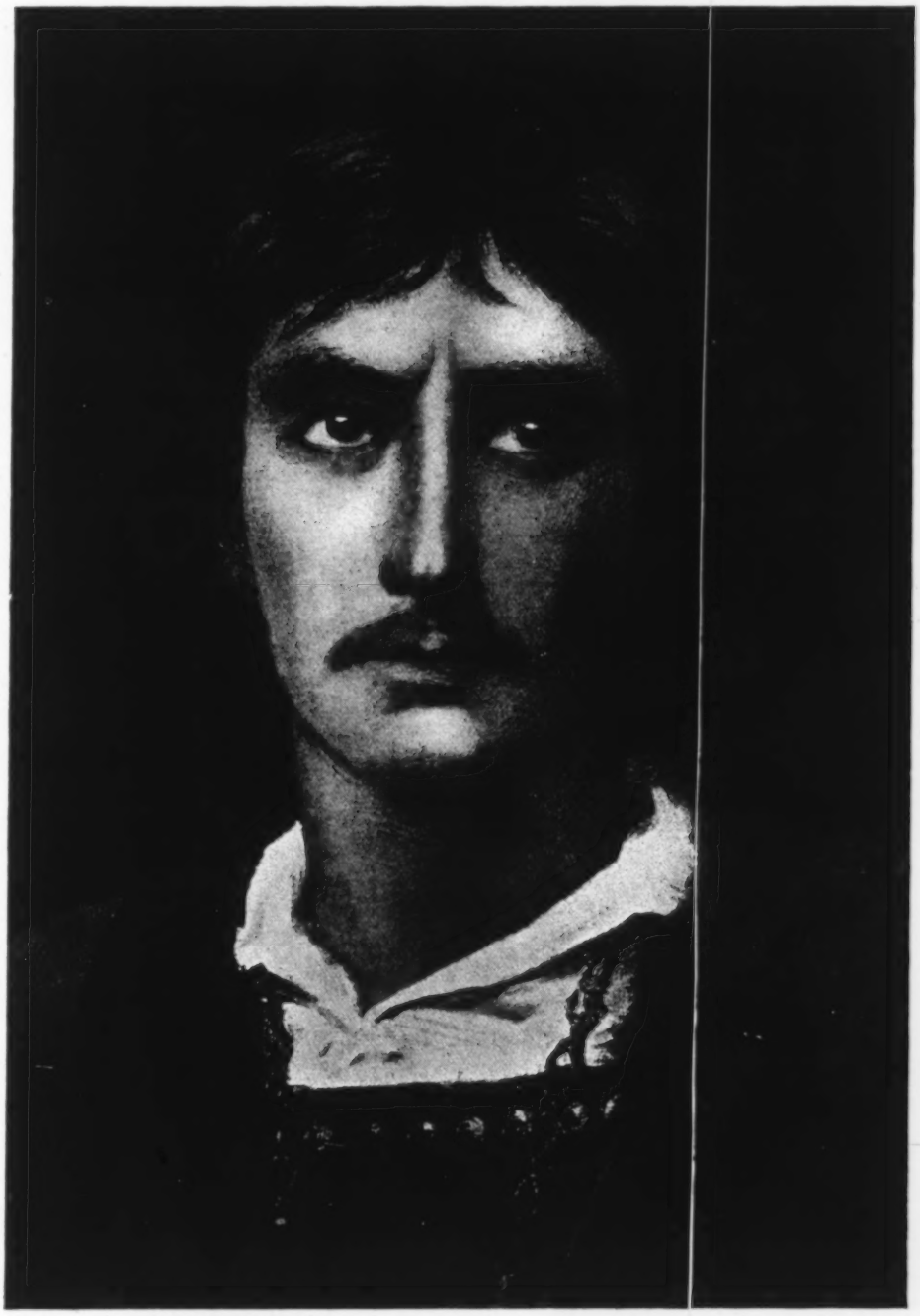
"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart."

He has a bitter hatred of even the comparatively harmless festivities of the King:—

"This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations.
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition."

Throughout the whole play, from these causes, he is at war with his environment; a man fighting as well as he can with clean weapons, while the poisoned drink is awaiting him, and even his opponent's foil is buttonless and venomed. Throughout he seeks in vain for some reality behind the hollow show of things. The grave-diggers, with their brutish jests and earthy paws, are Shakespeare's crowning stroke of irony in

the play. Some critics have been foolish enough to complain that their jests are too foolish. But the jests are such as may be heard every day, and the point of the scene lies in the contrast between those jests and your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.



After the painting by Sir Edwin Long. **Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet.**

the words of Hamlet, which—as it were, in a deep undertone—sweep from end to end of the universe and search heaven and hell.

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be

Horatio: What's that, my lord?

Hamlet: Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio: E'en so.

Hamlet: And smelt so? pah!"

* * * * *

Hamlet was not a born doubter. He was merely a

From a painting by Delacroix. **Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.**

man of great intellect, who saw through the shows of the world, and saw—not vaguely, but quite clearly—the real folly of acting intemperately, as Laertes would have done. He was capable of seeing all sides of a question, and Shakespeare symbolised one of his difficulties very clearly when he brought him to the verge of his revenge and made him come—sword in hand—upon the murderer, praying.

Perhaps the most wonderful line in all poetry is that in Hamlet's dying speech, where he cries to Horatio, having snatched the poisoned cup from his hand, as he attempts to kill himself:—

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."

"The rest is silence"; but the tragedy of Hamlet means—and shows more clearly than any other work in literature—that there is only one aim for life, one end for art. Tragedy discards the temporal for the Eternal. The greatest tragedy is always greater than the greatest comedy; for in discarding all temporal things and leaving the rest to silence we may approach more nearly than through any definitions or creeds to that Continuing City which is "beyond these voices."

From the painting by B. West in the Boydell Collection. **Ophelia and Laertes.**

"There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance."—*Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

WHO WROTE "CHRISTOBELL"?

By William E. A. Axon.

THE publication under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature of a facsimile of the MS. of Coleridge's "Christabel," with critical apparatus by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, gives a new interest to a literary problem which, if not of first-rate importance, has certainly excited some curiosity for many years—that is the authorship of "Christobell," that sequel to "Christabel" which appeared in print before Coleridge's poem.

In 1815 there appeared in the *European Magazine* for April a poem entitled "Christobell: A Gothic Legend," which the author states was "written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

This is an accurate description of Coleridge's "Christabel," which was not published until 1816, although written at the close of the eighteenth century. Strange to say, the spelling adopted in the title of the sequel is one that Coleridge occasionally employed. Although not printed, there were manuscript copies, and one of these must have been seen by the contributor to the *European Magazine*, who uses V. as a signature. The identity of V. has not been disclosed, but I think it may be possible to arrive at an identification. V. was a constant writer of verse and prose for the *European Magazine*. The first contribution under that signature appeared in May, 1814 (p. 432); the last in April, 1822 (p. 325). The discontinuance of V.'s aid may perhaps be connected with the fact that under the new proprietors there had been a some-

what ungenerous reference to the Asperne family to whom the magazine had previously belonged. (See the article "The Editor's Conversazione," behind the title of the number for April, 1822, and also p. 374.) That V. was a woman may be concluded from the verses which appear in April, 1821 (p. 533). "The Editor's Compliments of the season to his well-beloved public, readers, contributors, and correspondents," in which he says:—

> "Yes,—we'll uncloak them all!—V.; R.; and D.;
> Delta; and T.; and S. W. X. *Izzard.*
> For when their goodly articles ye see,
> And hang delighted o'er them it is hard
> The writers should, like money lenders, be
> Concealed behind so strange and thick a vizard,
> That e'en to guess them you are quite unable—
> 'Tis sitting at the play without a play-bill."

After some reference to himself the Editor proceeds:—

> "What Variella, can we wish to thee?
> For thou possessest all that's dear unto man;
> Wit, Talents, Erudition, though they be
> Not always so delightful in a woman;
> Yet those who read thy tales and Poems, see
> A soaring mind, and genius most uncommon.
> Still, still soar on! In prose and verse still charm us,
> For whilst thou leadst the van, there's nought can harm us."

The signature "Variella" does not appear in the *European Magazine*, but the description given of her work applies to the articles signed V., though a modern reader might perhaps be less enthusiastic in his praise.

Amongst the contributions to which V.'s signature is attached is one that appears in December, 1817, which is headed "Anacreontic by the late Rev. Dr. Vardill" (p. 550).

This suggests a relationship between V. and the author of the "Anacreontic." The Rev. John Vardill, D.D., was a graduate of King's College, New York, and was a tutor in the institution, but was a Loyalist, and left America on that account. He had the M.A. degree from Oxford, was admitted to holy orders, and died in 1811 Rector of Skirbeck and Fishtoft, Lincolnshire. Another poem of his, "The Spirit of Toussaint: A Fragment," appears in the *European Magazine* for July, 1814 (p. 46). An inscription for a memorial tablet appears in February, 1811 (p. 134), from the pen of his daughter, and the Editor in eulogising her beauty and literary attainments mentions that "several instances" of her talents have appeared in the magazine.

Anna Jane Vardill was the authoress of two volumes of verse, one anonymous, and the other bearing her name on the title page. The first in point of time was

> "Poems and Translations from the minor Greek Poets and others: written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen, by a Lady. Dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. London: Asperne 1809. pp. 165."

This is reviewed in the *European* for February (p. 142). The authoress states

Hamlet and the Ghost.

Macready and Stuart in Act i. Sc. 5 of *Hamlet.*

that "a most indulgent father, in the retirement permitted by his station in the Church, found amusement in familiarising his only child with the poets of antiquity." She passed the early part of her life in the village of Gatehouse of Fleet, Galloway, Scotland, "noted for the extensive cotton works of a near relation." An "Address to the

From a drawing by Pecht. **Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.**

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare Scenes and Characters" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

Patrons of the Refuge for the Destitute," written by her for the Anniversary Dinner, January 26, 1809, is given in the January magazine (p. 78; cf. page 141). An enlarged edition of the "Poems" appeared in the same year, and is noticed in the August number (p. 126). A third edition appeared in 1816.

Her second work is:

"The Pleasures of Human Life. A Poem by Anna Jane Vardill. London: 1812. 4to. pp. 100."

From a drawing by R. Anning Bell. **Ophelia.**

(Reproduced from "Shakespeare's Heroines" by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

There is a long and eulogistic notice in the *European* for April, 1812, and in the course of it her authorship of "Poems and Translations" is revealed (p. 275).

The *European* for November, 1813, contains an "Epitaph designed for William Franklin, Esq., late Governor of New Jersey, Ob, November 16, aged 82." This is signed A. J. V. So are the "Elegiac verses on the death of Miss Charlotte Demys," who died at the age of 15, in the number for October, 1815 (page 357). The third edition of "Poems and Translations" does not include any of V.'s contributions, but neither does it include the pieces signed A. J. V. The probable reason is the desire to preserve the character of the first volume as a collection of juvenilia. The identity of V. and Anna Jane Vardill is pretty clearly indicated in a poem in the *European* for September, 1819 (Vol. 74, p. 261), "To her who deserves it, addressed and inscribed to Miss V * * * * * * *," in which her Christian name of Anna is mentioned, and a number of V.'s contributions are enthusiastically praised.

Mr. E. H. Coleridge had been inclined to attribute "Christobell" to James Hogg, but on these notes being submitted to him he has adopted the theory they are intended to support, and at once supplied an important piece of additional evidence. How came V. to be familiar with Coleridge's work? The answer is to be found in the "Diary" of Henry Crabb Robinson, who records:

"December 19th, 1814. Took tea with the Flaxman's and read to them and Miss Vardel [So he spells the name here, though elsewhere more correctly Vardill] Coleridge's 'Christabel,' with which they were all delighted, Flaxman more than I expected." (Diary i. 465.)

Crabb Robinson was the executor of the will of Mrs. Vardill, who provided that the estate should accumulate until her daughter, who had become Mrs. Niven, was fifty-two. He stayed with the Nivens at Kirkcudbright in October, 1826. After that date nothing is known to me of this clever woman. "Christobell: A Gothic Tale," has been attributed to Coleridge and to the Ettrick Shepherd. I think it may now be justly claimed for Anna Jane Vardill.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A Prize of Three New Novels of the month is offered for the six most musical single lines from Browning.

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best suggested answer of Dr. Johnson to Boswell's inquiry, "What do you think of the literary output of 1907?" The answer must not exceed one hundred words.

Grout Engr. Co.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse (competitors should notice that the competition is no longer confined to Shakespeare) has been gained by Mr. BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.

EVERY WOMAN'S OWN LAWYER. By G. C. WHADCOAT.

"And then I made my testament,
And wist my selfe not what I ment."
—*Chaucer's Dream.*

Amongst the best quotations received were the following:

THE SPIRIT OF THE LINKS. By HENRY LEACH.

"You taught me language; and my profit is, I know how to curse."—*The Tempest*, I., 2, 363.

(MR. ADAM MILLER, Hyde Park, Leeds.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S RETURN. By BARRY PAIN.

"A mighty Pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that Pain to miss."
—*Cowley:* Anacreon.

(REV. R. F. COBBOLD, Stony Stratford.)

"BROTHER SAVAGES." Review by L. MELVILLE.

"'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."
—*Swift.*

(F. M. RANKIN, 166, Barcombe Road, S.W.)

BEAUTY AND HEALTH IN OLD AGE. By ANNIE WEBSTER.

"There's a beauty to extreme old age,
Do you fancy you are elderly *enough?*"
—*W. S. Gilbert.*

(MISS MACKECHNIE, St. Andrews.)

KING LEOPOLD'S SOLILOQUY. By MARK TWAIN.

"Now Leopold is rent in Twain
Let other writers rest;
We only need read Mark, and learn
And inwardly digest."

(MISS V. HUISH, 163, Kedleston Road, Derby.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best six quotations on the companionship of books has been awarded to Miss AMY SAVATARD, Kirkgate, Ripon.

1. "If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."
—Richard de Bury.

2. "Books help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation."—Jeremy Collier.

3. "Macaulay . . has told us . . how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude; the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and obscurity. . . There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell."
—Trevelyan—"Life of Macaulay."

4. "And as for me, though that I konne but lyte
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem give I feyth and ful credènce,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is game noon
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon."
—Chaucer: "Legende of Goode Women."

5. "When the sad soul by care and grief oppress'd
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest,—
. . . What strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes? . .
This Books can do. . . .
they never shun
The man of sorrow, or the wretch undone;

From a drawing by Byam Shaw. **Hamlet.**

(Reproduced from the Chiswick Edition of Shakespeare by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

Hamlet.

Then, venom, to thy work! Act V. Sc. 2.

(Reproduced from "The Shakespeare for Schools" by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to Kings."
—Crabbe: "The Library."

6. "While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books;
Fixed in an elbow-chair at ease
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends except yourself.
For after all that can be said,
Our best companions are the dead."
—Sheridan, to Swift.

Excellent lists were also submitted by Mrs. M. M. Snow, West Dulwich; Miss B. O. Anderson, Scarborough; and Miss Amy Cutlack, Crouch End, N.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the two best examples of poetic prose has been awarded to Mr. D. M. J. JAMES, Deveron Road, Huntly, N.B.

1. "Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains, bar her from breathing their lofty, sun-warmed air; and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the Tower of Famine, and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona."—Ruskin.

2. "From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly, as from the woods and fields—suddenly, as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly, as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice."—De Quincey.

Of a large number of competitors the following submitted admirable passages:—J. Champenais, Paris; Mr. A. Miller, Leeds; M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; "Fidelio," Hampstead, N.W.; Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle; Mrs. Stirling, Glenfarg, N.B.; Mrs. Borton, Winchester; L. A. Wilks, Scarborough; Miss Amy Savatard, Ripon; Miss E. M. Eadie, Darlington; Mrs. Masefield, Cheadle; Miss K. Durrant, Copnor, Portsmouth; Miss E. Philip, Hampstead, N.W.; Miss Ida Suddards, Leeds.

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF THE BOOKMAN has been awarded to the Rev. F. HERN, Rowlands Castle, Hants, and F. W. STOKOE, 17, Argyle Square, King's Cross, W.C.

New Books.

MORE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

Eight more volumes of Stevenson in the Pentland Edition lie before us, and call for a word of thanksgiving. Here are to be found the great romances, "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Catriona," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Prince Otto"; here, too, some of the masterpieces in little, "Thrawn Janet," "Will of the Mill," and "Markheim"; besides the biographical sketches and some other matters; food for many hours of delight to a multitude of young and old. On this large body of work the critics have long ago had their say, pointing out its beauties and defects, and assigning to its author his proper niche (relative to Sir Walter) in the Temple of Fame. The present writer cannot presume to sit in judgment on anybody; but as the pleasant task of welcoming this reprint has been assigned him, he cannot perform it better than by acknowledging the debt he himself owes to these admirable books, and making a few notes of admiration against his favourite passages.

And first we have Stevenson to thank for his many inventions. "With a tale forsooth he cometh to us, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner." And the tales all leave a good taste in the mouth. Fathers of families have been known to object to "Treasure Island" as a book for budding youth, an account of the extraordinary amount of blood splashed up and down the story. Stevenson thought, no doubt, that he was catering for a quite legitimate taste for heroic exploit, which takes in youth the elementary and savage shape of blood-letting; and he did not realise that the greater verisimilitude of his own art made the colour he was so freely using something more than the red paint of the conventional buccaneering story. One wonders what reflections on this score passed through the mind of the author's Puritan father, when, as Mr. Gosse informs us, the chapters were read out to him, evening after evening, as they were composed. If he remonstrated, his son no doubt took credit to his buccaneers for their scrupulous attention to the third commandment, as some compensation for their breach of the sixth; and, after all, buccaneers must do something to show their quality. But allowing that the murders are too many and too gruesome, still how well the story goes. How interesting it is from start to finish! How well the excitement is varied, and how cleverly the climax is led up to! It would have amused and pleased Stevenson to know that his pirate story, within twenty-five years of its publication, had achieved that final *cachet* of a classic, the being made the subject of a schoolboy's examination. "Sketch the character of John Silver; by what other names was he known to his familiars? Give the context of the following sayings of his: (a) 'What's he doing with an echo to him?' (b) 'Dick was it? Then Dick can get to prayers. (c) 'You're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint.' (d) 'Flint was cap'n; I was quarter-master, along of my timber leg.'" And the examiners are right; the genteel seacook is a careful study, and worth serious attention. As excellent, though more lightly sketched, is Captain Smollett, one of those silent men (Gotthold and Utterson are other examples) of whom Stevenson was fond. And all the buccaneers are, within their limits, carefully drawn, so that we are in no more danger of confusing Israel Hands with George Merry than either of them with Ben Gunn. For pure invention "Treasure Island" is as fine a piece of work as Stevenson ever did. At the head of another department of the romantic tale, that of which Wandering Willie's story in "Redgauntlet" is a reputed masterpiece, some would place "Thrawn Janet," others "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The latter suffers more than the former from the inevitable law that a tale of mystery, when the mystery is once known, must lose some of its interest. On the other hand, it has the advantage in moral suggestiveness, and also in a more modern supernatural machinery. Perhaps one has to be born north of the Tweed to taste all the creepiness of Thrawn Janet; but everyone can appreciate the horribleness of Mr. Hyde, and the skilful difference, within the general likeness, of the impression he makes on the various characters in the story.

A second debt that we all owe to Stevenson is for not a few admirable dramatic pictures which have stamped themselves ineffaceably on memory. Most of the romances, indeed, are a series of such scenes, more or less vivid, in the most important of which some critical action constitutes a *tableau*. The most vivid of all in my own mind is that scene in the vale of Glencoe, where David and Alan are lying flat on a high rock in the sun's eye, while the redcoats are moving lazily through the hot afternoon in search of them.

"The soldiers kept stirring all day in the bottom of the valley, now changing guard, now in patrolling parties hunting among the rocks. These lay round in so great a number, that to look for men among them was like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay! and being so hopeless a task, it was gone about with the less care. Yet we could see the soldiers pike their bayonets among the heather, which sent a cold thrill into my vitals; and they would sometimes hang about our rock, so that we scarce dared to breathe. It was in this

* "Works of Stevenson." Pentland Edition. Vols. V.-XII. (Cassell, Chatto, Heinemann, and Longmans.)

Henry Betty as Hamlet.

Rouviere as Hamlet.

Henry Irving as Hamlet.

John Henderson as Hamlet.

way that I first heard the right English speech; one fellow as he went by actually clapping his hand upon the sunny face of the rock on which we lay, and plucking it off again with an oath. 'I tell you it's 'ot,' says he; and I was amazed at the clipping tones and the odd sing-song in which he spoke, and no less at that strange trick of dropping out the letter 'h.'"

Other scenes that will suggest themselves to everybody are the duel by candle-light in "The Master of Ballantrae," and the flinging of the guinea through the heraldic window in the same book. Indeed, the imagination of such incidents and their vivid portrayal was no small part of Stevenson's romantic art. The more successful of his stories move from picture to picture like a magic lantern. Where such pictures are lacking, as in the second part of "Catriona," the story flags. Stevenson has himself told us, in his "Gossip on Romance," how certain places made calls upon his fancy. "When I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, 'miching mallecho.'" And then, as will be remembered, he goes on to instance "the inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbours and green garden and silent eddying river," and "the old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry"; and continues, "I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford." This essay was written in 1882; four years later the boat put off with David Balfour on board; but the horseman still awaits incarnation.

Thirdly, we have to thank Stevenson for not a few friends, of various degrees in the social scale, but all pleasant companions. Best of all, perhaps, we know and like Mr. David Balfour (of Shaws). "David," said Stevenson, "is my own favourite, not for craftmanship, but for human niceness, in which I have been wanting hitherto." He was referring to the book, and not to the character, but the remark as to human niceness is true of the character. He naturally recalls Jim Hawkins; but Jim, though "nice," is too much the boy-hero, always under the limelight, whose very faults turn to the salvation of everybody; whereas David is quite "human." So is his friend Alan Breck. And so is the Edinburgh company to which he introduces us, notably Prestongrange and his clever daughter. Then again there is Prince Otto of Grünewald, who wins the sympathies of all the fair for his good looks and his misfortunes, and those of the self-conscious for his double portion of that moral malady. Some critics have been bold enough to say that the reason why these persons appeal so strongly to us is that they are all Stevenson himself in various fancy-dress. But to say that is to say what is obviously true up to a certain point, and beyond that obviously untrue. Every novelist and dramatist must speak through the lips of his characters, and he naturally chooses to put his own philosophy of life into the mouths of those persons with whom he is most in sympathy. And the converse holds also, that those persons, through whom the author himself speaks, will, Shakespeare always excepted, be more natural, and so more pleasing, than those who depend more largely upon imagination. Prince Otto, for whatever reason, is certainly a living soul; but some of us may have had our suspicions as to whether it was really blood that issued when the Baron von Gondremark was pierced by the Queen's dagger.

The essays which some persons prefer to the romances, are confined to those collected together as "Memories and Portraits," in this series of volumes. They include a certain amount of biographical and autobiographical work, full of interest to every Stevensonian, the "Gossip on Romance," referred to above, a "Humble Remonstrance" which contains an interesting criticism of "Treasure Island," and the famous essay on "A College Magazine," in which Stevenson let us into the secret, much as conjurers do, of how he learned to write, namely, by photographing scenery, as Tennyson called it, and by "aping" any quality that impressed him in any writer. This indefatigable imitation (added to natural genius) no doubt resulted in that great variety of turns of phrase by which Stevenson's style is distinguished; but had it not also the result of imparting a certain want of repose to his style, the suggestion of an audience, which haunts the essays, and is only got rid of when the romancer is well on the war-path? And yet no one would have the essays other than they are.

H. C. BEECHING.

EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS.*

Mr. E. K. Chambers and Mr. F. Sidgwick have conspired to produce a very pretty little volume, and they have succeeded. The period following the coming of the sonnet has already been admirably treated in well-known separate anthologies by their present publisher, and there was room for a presentation of earlier material.

There is a peculiar charm about Middle English and Early Modern English poetry, which is absent from the more sugared writing, the affectations, the more self-conscious productions of the Elizabethan age. It is slowly beginning to be realised (in England) that, in the love songs of Our Lady, in such unpromising-looking material as Riddles and Bestiaries, in the better-known *débat* between the Owl and the Nightingale, to say nothing of the Lyrics transcribed by the "clerk" of Leominster or the wandering scholar, in the early years of the fourteenth century, and the wonderful Tale of Gamelyn, there is ample evidence that English poetry was not in a bad way before the coming of Chaucer, before the days of the author or authors of Piers Plowman, whoever he or they may be, before even the "best jewel of English mediæval literature," the story of Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight, had been written. These last were the crests of waves, and had their predecessors, even as Darwin had his Lamarck.

The compilers of this book are happy, therefore, in the period they have chosen. The fourteenth century represented a more pronounced stage in the evolution of the middle classes than had preceding centuries and secular ideals began more frequently to jostle with monastic; while the fifteenth century, commonly, and quite erroneously, supposed to be a dry, arid waste, is scarcely less interesting in its evidence of change and life. Messrs. Chambers and Sidgwick have made good use of the labours of their predecessors—of Thomas Wright, who deserves to be remembered with gratitude by every fellow worker in Middle English; of K. Böddeker; and of many others—and they have added not a little value to their collection by the care they have taken of the text. If a personal preference may be allowed, the section called "Trivial" seems to be most worthy of the attention of all. Things amorous, divine and moral all have their day and season, their periods of refreshing consolation, but it is to the trivial that we most frequently turn; for the most of us, during the greater part of our lives, are commonplace, and find pleasure in the simple things of earth, in "oxen . . . faire and brown"; in watching

> "When men biginnethe to wede
> The thistle fro the sede";

in listening while

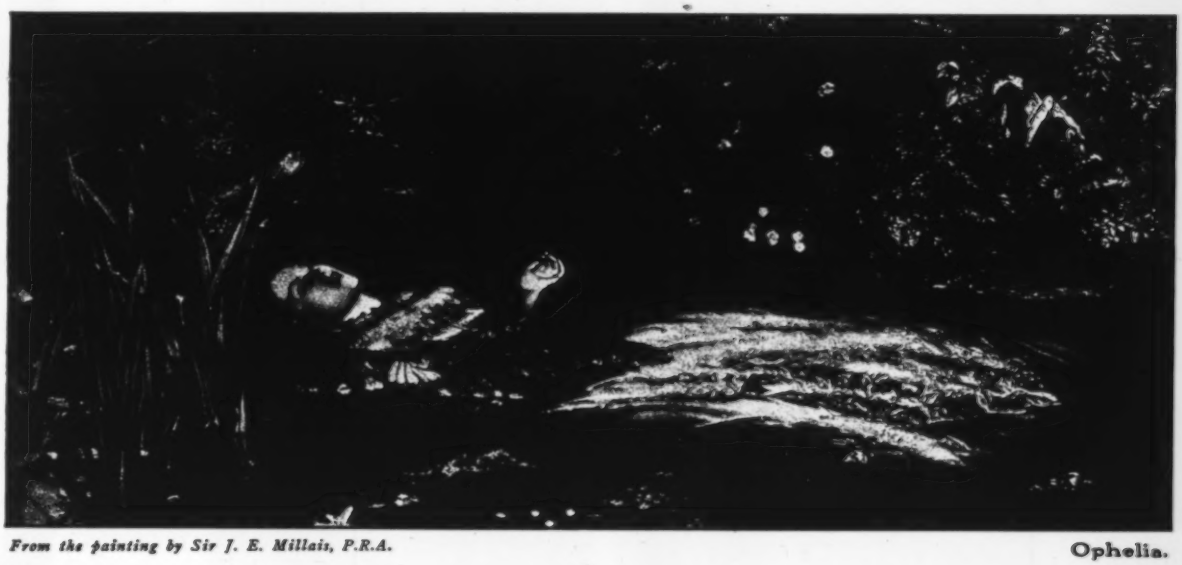
> "Tirlery lorpin, the laverock sang
> So merrily pipes the sparrow."

Mr. E. K. Chambers's essay on Some Aspects of Mediæval Lyric, which follows the selections, and precedes the very useful notes, is what one might expect from the author of "The Mediæval Stage"—a careful, informing, interesting piece of work. We are not very much in love with such phrases as "the tingling stars," but these are "sma' sums," and the essay adds considerably to the value of the book. We notice, however, that Mr. Chambers falls into the common error of denying, practically, the presence of the lyric in Old English or "Anglo-Saxon" poetry. That no secular erotic love-poetry has survived is not a matter of surprise, when it is remembered through whose hands we have what we have; but to state that "the nearest approach to lyric is in

* "Early English Lyrics, Amorous, Divine, Moral and Trivial." Chosen by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick. Small Cr. 8vo. 6s. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

After a painting by A. Hughes. **Ophelia.**

After a painting by Daniel Macliss. **The Play Scene from Hamlet.**



From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. **Ophelia.**

certain reflective pieces more properly to be called elegiac," is to show that Mr. Chambers has not "entered into the treasury" of Old English verse; it is to forget "The Husband's Message," the personal, passionate outbursts that constitute the chief charm of "The Dream of the Rood" and many another passage written before the vernacular plunged underground. But we would end, as we began, with thanks to both workers for a pleasant, scholarly, well-conceived book.

A. R. WALLER.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM STRODE.*

This book consists of about a hundred and fifty pages of short poems by William Strode, a tragi-comedy called "The Floating Island," and an introduction and notes by Mr. Dobell. Strode was an Oxford man, whose life covered nearly the first half of the seventeenth century. He was a Canon of Christ Church, and Public Orator to the University. Some of his verses got into such collections as "Wit Restor'd," others into MS. collections, and until now his reputation has had a long sleep. Mr. Dobell is able to awaken it because, with his notorious good fortune, he has bought volumes of MS. containing many pieces by Strode, which he has supplemented from collections in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and from the printed miscellanies. He has given many variants, and, finally, a few poems which are likely to be by the poet, together with the lines in praise of Melancholy, which only Malone has hitherto taken from Fletcher and given to Strode. Mr. Dobell warns us beforehand that if we do not at once appreciate the beauty of certain poems, we are "without a taste for poetry at all."

A large number of the pieces are simply early seventeenth century verse of the so-called "metaphysical" school. That is to say, that at their worst they deal with objects and ideas in a way which our age condemns as showing neither observation of life nor true imagination. It is quite possible that in this and the past age a great deal of verse has been admired with equal justice, but certain it is that we have arrived at a time when it is impossible to admire the poem, "On a gentlewoman's blistred lipp":—

"Hide not that sprouting lip, nor kill
The juicy bloom with bashful skill:
Know it is an amorous dew
That swells to court thy coral hue,
And what a blemish you esteem
To other eyes a pearl may seem
Whose watery growth is not above
The thrifty size that pearls do love,
And doth so well become that part
That chance may seem a secret art. . . ."

That is an extreme and unfortunate example, but characteristic, and the curious thing is that not only the ordinary dull poems, but some of the truly beautiful spring from the same source. In the bad cases, the result is presumably due to the fact that the writer, a decidedly and almost purely academic man of no marked character, was merely taking exercise in a fashionable kind. In the best, the long poem on the death of Mistress Mary Prideaux, the strife between the fashionable style and the language of great passion is very interesting. In some of the prettiest places the strife is not over, thus:—

"She married to
The heir of all things: who did owe
Her infant soul, and bought it too.
Nor was she barren: marked you not
Those pretty little Graces that
Play'd round about her bedside; three,
Th' eldest Faith, Hope, and Charity."

In others we can watch the passionate thought disentangling itself from the fashion, as here:—

"She was fair,
Fresh as morning, sweet as air:
Purer than other flesh as far
As other souls than bodies are:
And that thou may'st the better see
To find her out, two stars there be
Eclipsed now; uncloud but those
And they will point thee to the Rose
Which dyed each cheek, now pale and wan,
But will be when she wakes again
Fresher than ever. And howe'er
Her long sleep may alter Her,
Her Soul will know her body straight,
'Twas made so fit for't. . . ."

The opening shows the strife forgotten and a perfect harmony in its place:—

"In thy brow
I read thy soul, and know not how
To tell which whiter was or smoother,
Or more spotless, one or th' other.
No jar, no harshness in thee: all
Thy passions were at peace: no gall,
No rough behaviour; but even such
In disposition as in touch."

That is Strode at his best, and he has become barely distinguishable as a man of his age.

Among the other pieces may be mentioned one in Devonshire dialect, an entertaining and original *tour de force*, a number of occasional verses full of the wit of his day, some commonplace epistles, some ingenious epitaphs, several smooth songs, and, finally, poems on "Westwell Downs" and "A Great Hollow Tree," which, though of no remarkable beauty, have yet a love of natural things which seems to have sprung from a habit of walking out of doors alone, and will therefore have to be carefully noticed in any survey of the feeling for Nature in our poetry.

* "The Poetical Works of William Strode (1600-1645)." Edited by Bertram Dobell. With Memoir of the Author. 7s. 6d. net. (Published by the Editor, Charing Cross Road, London.)

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.*

There is a delightful frontispiece to the first of these singularly attractive volumes: it represents a man, apparently under the middle height, whimsically clad in corrugated hose, a short robe of flowered stuff bound about the waist with a narrow sash, Turkish slippers and a rather shapeless striped hat, walking through a perfectly formal and uninteresting landscape of Pre-Raphaelite suggestion. In his left hand he bears a nosegay, and his right points with extended index in the direction whither he is bound. The whole composition says as plainly as possible: I am off to India; let us journey together. Looking at the face of the traveller, you are inclined to think he will prove a pleasant companion, relieving the tedium of the way with tales and wise commentary on the places and people you shall meet with. It is the portrait of Niccolao Manucci, and it is a characteristic Italian face, combining simplicity with shrewd wisdom, and humour with gravity. You will not be disappointed in your estimate of his qualities of entertainment, if you consent to go along with him, for he has the art of narrative in a pre-eminent degree, and whether he is telling you the story of his adventurous journey to India, or recounting the history of the Mogul Kings from Tamur-i-lang the Great to Aurangazeb, whose service he entered, or describing the customs and manners of Eastern court-life, and his own quaint experiences as royal physician, he is not dull for a moment, nor suffers the reader to be. He discourses with you in that tone of intellectual familiarity which some of the older writers use—the art is lost now; assuming a spiritual kinship with the reader, he compels him to be friendly—or else to lay down the book. These volumes, we feel, should have taken their place long ago on our shelves among the more friendly classics. At least we have them now in a shape worthy of their contents, with valuable notes and a learned introduction by the translator, to whom very special thanks are due for his rendering of the text. In this introduction we learn how it came that poor Manucci's valuable work was deprived of its proper place among the renowned chronicles, leaving the hands of Catrou, who edited it in Manucci's lifetime, in a mangled and doctored form—quite robbed, we may be sure, of the naïve grâce which distinguishes the original.

Manucci's account of his journey to India has something of the romantic charm of Gil Blas. Is not this opening of the first chapter an admirable specimen of direct narrative?

"When I was still quite young I had a passionate desire to see the world, but as my father would not allow me to leave Venice, my native place, I resolved to quit it in some way or another, no matter how. Finding that there was a

* "Adventures in India: Storia Do Mogor, or Mogul India, 1653-1708." By Niccolao Manucci, Venetian. Translated by William Irvine. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (John Murray.)

After a drawing by R. J. Lane. **Fechter as Hamlet.**

After a painting by Lonsdale. **Talma as Hamlet.**

After a drawing by Wageman. **Edmund Kean as Hamlet.**

After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. **John Philip Kemble as Hamlet.**

tartane just about to leave, although I did not know its destination, I went on board, in 1651, at the age of fourteen. . . . We had scarcely left Venice before we ran into the teeth of a gale which lasted twenty-four hours—hours of the greatest misery to me, as I was sea-sick, being unaccustomed to the sea." He is forced by hunger to come from his hiding-place, and presents himself before the captain; probably he had not to expect the gentlest treatment at his hands, as a non-paying passenger; "but, fortunately for me, I found on board an English gentleman in disguise, called Lord Bellomont. He had left England to escape death at the hands of Cromwell." He enters the service of this gentleman. "He then told me that he was going to Turkey, Persia, and India. I was much rejoiced thereat, and answered that I would gladly go with him, when he at once gave me the keys of his wardrobe. . . . We coasted along Dalmatia and past several islands, and finally, leaving the Archipelago behind, at the end of four months we arrived in the port of Smyrna." The rest of their travels, which occupy the first of the three parts, is narrated in a similar incisive manner. There is no superfluity of sentiment or reflection about this admirable adventurer; when he will be digressive he resorts to anecdotes of Eastern origin by way of illustration and comment: thus, instead of describing Smyrna at great length, with moral reflections on the character of its inhabitants, he tells us a story, as irrelevant as it is delightful, about a Jew, a Cadi, and three precious stones, that seems to come direct from the "Arabian Nights." I think he mentions that the tale is current in Smyrna; at any rate, no apology is needed for its introduction. His own remarks on people and things are short and to the point.

The book has quite a peculiar fascination; it is a kind of Eastern Froissart, a grave chronicle with all the glamour of romance. It is good to see a book like this worthily produced, since our pleasure in it cannot be quite independent of binding, print and paper. In all these respects the volumes are entirely satisfactory, and the numerous illustrations are in harmony with the text. F. W. STOKOE.

VOYAGES OF THE ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN.*

This volume contains Mr. E. J. Payne's selection from the contemporary records of Elizabethan discoveries and adventures, but retaining of Cavendish only the "first voyage," omitting as too lengthy and "dreary" in romance Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana," and adding three maps and some brief notes. Here are, then, Payne's introduction and "Life and Works of Hakluyt"; Captain John Smith's "Directions for Taking a Prize"; the three voyages of Hawkins, by Hakluyt, Sparke, and Hawkins himself; Frobisher's three, by Best; Drake's 1577 and 1585 voyages, by Pretty and Biggs; Gilbert's, by Hayes; Amadas and Barlow's, by Barlow; Cavendish's first voyage, by Pretty. A better view of this side of English activity under Elizabeth could hardly be given in the space, and perhaps of all the original documents for our history, this should come first, as being essential, and so full of life and personality as to force, surely, the dullest mind to look immediately at past times without the intervention of a middleman like Froude or Green. The only addition we should like to see is a picture of an Elizabethan ship in fighting order that would make the splendid "Directions for Taking a Prize" more easily followed. Yet what a piece of life that is, with a spirit not easily distinguishable from genius, in passages like this (after the men have breathed a little and stopped the leaks):

"'What cheer, mates? Is all well?' 'All well!—all well!—all well!' 'Then make ready to bear up with him again!' And with all your great and small shots charge him, and in the smoke board him 'thwart the hawse, on the bow, mid-ships, or, rather than fail, on his quarter; or make fast your grapplings, if you can, to his close fights, and sheer off. 'Captain, we are foul on each other, and the ship is on fire!' 'Cut anything to get clear, and smother the fire with wet cloths.' In such a case they will presently be such friends as to help one another all they can to get clear, lest they should both burn together and sink; and if they be generous, the fire quenched, drink kindly to one another, heave their cans overboard, and then begin again as before."

Merely as the writing of vivid or sensitive men many of these pieces are fine, from the closing sentence of Hawkins's order to his ships in 1564: "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company," and Sparke's terse phrase: "But they, being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men's brows," to that in Barlow, where his ship approaches Roanoak and found shoal water, "where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers; by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant"—two days before they reached the coast. It would be interesting to learn how younger children than John Sparke, the historian of Hawkins's second voyage, would describe the camel, which to him was "of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed, with a little belly, long, misshapen legs, and feet very broad of flesh, without a hoof, all whole, saving the great toe; a back bearing up like a molehill, a large and thin neck, with a little head, with a bunch of hard flesh, which nature hath given him in his breast, to lean upon." And was it awe or contempt that Hawkins felt for that "painful man with his pen" who alone could have perfectly described the misery of his third voyage? Yet he himself could write with the brevity and firmness that a cutlass and blood in place of pen and ink would perhaps inspire (his men have been struck by poisoned arrows):

"And although in the beginning they seemed to be but small hurts, yet there hardly escaped any that had blood drawn of them, but died in strange sort, with their mouths shut some ten days before they died, and after their wounds were whole; where I myself had one of the greatest wounds, yet, thanks be to God, escaped."

One of the minor pleasures of the book is to pick up the sentences here and there which are all that is left of certain great spirits who are not in the Dictionary of National Biography, such as Daniel, whose life was "as dear unto him as the Crown of England unto her Majesty, that I may use his own words"; Edward Headley, who proposed that a shipwrecked crew should cast lots for the lightening of the boat, and offered himself to be the first to go overboard, "content to take his adventure gladly"; Thomas Moon, first mentioned in the boarding of a Spanish ship at Valparaiso, where he first began to lay about him, "and struck one of the Spaniards, and said unto him, '*Abaxo, perro!*' that is in English, 'Go, dog,'" so that one of the enemy, "seeing persons of that quality in those seas," straightway crossed himself; next at Guatulco, catching a Spanish gentleman who fled the town, and taking his chain and other jewels and so letting him go; and lastly, exposing himself rashly at Carthagena, so that he died of the Spanish shot; Captain John Moon, of the *Francis*. Edward Hayes, the historian of Gilbert's voyage, is the windiest and most contemplative of them all, yet he gives a notable sketch of the General's character and a good thing about "the fault and foolish sloth in many of our nation, choosing rather to live indirectly, and very miserably to live and die within this realm, pestered with inhabitants, than to adventure as becometh men." Closing the book, it is hard to avoid wondering that, with the blood of these adventurers in their veins and the noble narratives of the chroniclers on their shelves, the English poets have written little in their spirit. Marlowe's and Mr. Swinburne's verse has perhaps the same wind in it that filled their westward sails; Drayton is not unworthy; Marvell also, once; the Byron of "Mazeppa" and "The Corsair" was their far-off inheritor; Coleridge might have been of the blood of Edward Hayes; Tennyson, academically and in Victorian ease, dreams of them; but it is a poor result, and the latest singer may seem too deliberate and outside his theme. EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen." Select Narratives from the "Principal Navigations" of Hakluyt. Edited by John Payne. With Additional Notes, etc., by C. Raymond Beazley. Illustrations. 4s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

OUR NATIONAL LITERARY DEBT.*

Scholarship, apparently, is stooping to conquer. Like Dr. Bradley's "Making of English," and several other works published in the last year or two, "The Foreign Debt of English Literature" is admirably fitted for the unlearned, without being any the less scholarly. At no time probably, and certainly not to-day, has literature been "the expression

* "The Foreign Debt of English Literature." By T. G. Tucker. 6s. net. (Bell.)

of the soul of a people"—the whole expression of the whole soul of a whole people—any more than the *menus* of a big London restaurant are the expression of English cookery. That literary fallacy, repeated by Dr. Tucker, should be stamped out. But since "the only sure way," or rather, let us say, the handiest way, "of getting at a people's soul is to study the expression of that soul in its literature," Dr. Tucker's volume has a far wider than literary interest. It is the record of how we have fed our articulate soul, of how that soul has grown, on the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Celtic, and Hebrew literatures. What sustenance our literature has found at home and in its older self, and the provincial debt of our literature, about which a companion volume might well be written, are, of course, outside Dr. Tucker's present subject, except so far as they can ultimately be traced to a foreign origin. Nevertheless, "The Foreign Debt of English Literature" will convey a very false impression unless, while reading it, the home debt be borne in mind.

Dr. Tucker's "unpretentious chapters are intended to offer to the ordinary student, who has not yet given the matter any particular thought, a first assistance in realising the interdependence of literature." Interdependence he assuredly will realise; almost entire dependence he may assume; for it is to be feared that if he has, indeed, not given the matter any particular thought, he will carry away a notion that English literature is little but an offshoot, a dependency, of Greek. Out of pp. 257, no less than pp. 113 are devoted to the influence of Greek, and of its "one vast plagiarism," Latin. With all deference to Dr. Tucker's learning, so abundantly shown in this book, one cannot but conclude that he proves too much. It is not his premisses or facts which provoke dissent, but his use of them; his special pleading in favour of Greek origins; his Hellenistic bias, in short.

"Greek literature, unlike Latin, was mainly, if not wholly, original. What we have been able to borrow or to find ready-made seems to have developed itself spontaneously in the wonderful genius of Greece. . . .

"'But they possessed more than taste and judgment. They had inventiveness. We may reflect for a moment upon the various forms and modes of literature which we possess and practise in prose and verse. Of verse there are the epic, lyric, elegiac, satiric, dramatic, didactic, pastoral, epigrammatic, philosophic varieties. In prose there are history, oratory, philosophy, biography, criticism, fiction. . . . And we discover that each of them is to be found arising in recognisable shape on the soil of ancient Greece. . . . It was the Greeks . . . who found for each subject of thought its appropriate vehicle of expression. More modern times have evolved many modifications of detail in metre or rhyme, and have essayed many novelties in the way of narrative. But they have never added an entirely new form of poetry or prose to the *répertoire* of the Greeks."

There is most valuable truth in those paragraphs, necessarily curtailed here, but not, I trust, distorted. Also there is a deal of overstatement. Later on (p. 105) Dr. Tucker himself says:

"Just as in verse the Romans invented one form of literature, the satire, so in prose they probably invented the epistle or letter."

Again, though "the letters of Pope or Walpole distinctly take their hint from Cicero and Pliny," and though the literary letter-writing of France and England may have been, "in the first instance, directly suggested by those patterns of ancient Rome," it is going too far to suppose that we owe the epistolatory form to the ancients, because they wrote letters and we write them too. Letters would have been written and published in any case, with or without Latin precedent.

As to the absolute originality of the Greek literature, Dr. Tucker admits further on that "a large number of the 'fables of Æsop' originally came from India and the East," and that "Plato did not absolutely invent this form of writing [the prose dialogue], but the comparatively crude work which preceded him is lost." If that earlier work is lost, how can we judge its crudity? We ought not to say that the Greek literature was "mainly, if not wholly, original," merely because we cannot find earlier models. So much has been lost.

Furthermore, the argument in favour of the exclusively Greek invention of literary forms is double-barrelled. Literary forms are, no doubt, as Dr. Tucker remarks, founded in nature. Human expression has a tendency so to differentiate itself. Granted, then, that we are now in possession of certain literary forms, how far do we owe them to the Greeks, and how far to that natural tendency towards differentiation? Dr. Tucker decides for the Greeks. But on the other hand, does not the expression of uneducated men, who have never come under Greek or any other literary influence, also differentiate itself into some, at any rate, of those forms? Spoken yarns, for instance, do so. The probability is that the literary forms are being continually re-invented.

Hereunder are some other examples of what one cannot but call overstatement:

(1) "It is to Lucian that Swift owes the hint for such a work ["Gulliver's Travels"], and, after all, the hint was in this case a great part of the genius" (p. 32).

(2) "No one doubts that all this stupendous outburst [the Elizabethan] obtained its chief stimulus and food from Greece" (p. 51).

(3) "His [Tennyson's] device of making the sound answer to the sense, as in

'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds,'

is a common device of the Greeks" (p. 68).

(1) Elsewhere (p. 62) Dr. Tucker says, most correctly, that "all that peculiar vein of humour which runs through the 'Tale of a Tub' and the 'Battle of the Books' is, *consciously or unconsciously, the parallel* [italics ours] of the characteristic irony of the same Lucian." That a hint from Lucian formed "a great part" of Swift's so individual genius, in "Gulliver's Travels," is almost inconceivable.

(2) Authorities on the Elizabethan age do not usually ascribe so much to Greek influence, direct or indirect.

(3) Does Dr. Tucker wish us to infer that Tennyson's onomatopœia was borrowed from the Greeks? It is also a common device of babies—a device inherent in language.

Dr. Tucker finds that "we have, in fact, grown more and more dependent on Greece with every generation of our literature since the days of Chaucer," and he makes out a very good case for his contention. Then he goes on:

"Since the Shakespearean time our writers have become more and more scholars in Greek—witness Milton, Gray, Cowper, Shelley, among the poets—till, in our own days, it is difficult to meet with an author eminent either in prose or poetry who has not received a liberal training in the Greek language itself, and thence acquired a care of expression such as Greek models cannot fail to impress" (p. 53).

"On the other hand, it is no less true that almost every considerable writer and speaker of the century had received that more recent form of Latin education which consists in an accurate and tasteful study of the words, styles, and thoughts of the best, or most classic, of the Roman writers" (p. 114).

Shades of studious authors! Let the universities take heart. But—evil thought!—is Dr. Tucker arguing in a circle? Does he mean to say that eminent authors have received a liberal training in Greek and Latin because authors who have received that training *are* eminent? Has, moreover, the visible result of so much accurate and tasteful study been worth the trouble of it?

Finally, let me place together a passage from Chapter I., and another passage from the last section of all, that on Hebrew Influence.

"It is no paradox, but a simple historical fact, that the old English writers have had less influence in moulding our modern literature than have Homer and Sophocles, Plato and Demosthenes. 'We are all Greeks,' says Shelley, in the Preface to his 'Hellas.' Whether we will or no, our literature and philosophy, our canons of taste, our ideals of art, are all, in a sense, Greek" (p. 6).

"The English heart and mind are now partly made of Hebrew thoughts and ideals. This fact is so obvious that we need not pursue it further. To other literatures we have looked for models to imitate and notions to borrow; to the Biblical literature we have looked for a transfusion of all our thinking" (p. 254).

How can these two passages possibly be made to tally with one another, and with the above-quoted passage, to the effect that we have grown more and more dependent on Greece since the days of Chaucer? Such questions are interesting; it is permissible to hold diverse opinions on them; but they ought not to arise out of a work intended for students who cannot be expected to discount the author's overstatements.

It remains to add—most emphatically—that the general excellence of "The Foreign Debt of English Literature"

more than counterbalances its defects. Practically a pioneer work, it remedies a deficiency so obvious (when remedied) that one wonders why it was not forestalled years ago. Dr. Tucker's incidental criticism of nations and their literatures is always luminous and clear, and often eloquent. Very notable are his division of history into three categories (p. 99), his distinction between French and English drama (p. 168), and his definition of supreme lyrical merit (p. 242). If his extraordinary eye for literary pedigrees sometimes sees too much, there is no great cause for complaint. Such an immense amount of material has been selected, and brought to bear on the subject, that an occasional arbitrary use of it annuls none of our reasons for gratitude.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

A SUPPRESSED COMMENTARY.*

There is a school of criticism, in the forms of which may be found numerous well-known personages, that periodically makes vigorous protest against the printing nowadays of those works of a great author which during his lifetime, for one reason or another, were relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. While it cannot be denied that much which is worthless is brought to light by the indefatigable searchers in the byways of literature, on the other hand it may safely be contended that sometimes, only by the labours of these unobtrusive folk, a valuable piece of ore is disinterred. Such a "find" is the volume now under consideration, and the very sincere gratitude of men of letters will surely be accorded to that sound Landorian scholar, Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who has brought out the book, and furnished it with an admirable Introduction and invaluable notes.

Before turning to the Commentary, it is worth while to note its curious bibliographical interest. Landor, in 1811, sent the manuscript to John Murray, who gave it to Southey to read, without, however, disclosing the name of the author. Southey, notwithstanding, at once recognised "the manner, the force, and the vehemence" of him whom Carlyle dubbed "the unsubduable old Roman," to whom he wrote at once in the most flattering terms, but stated it would "equally grieve me to have the book supprest, or to have it appear as it is." Landor, who was rarely amenable to advice, was for once convinced by his critic's reasoning, and deleted and altered various objectionable and libellous passages. Even the amended version, however, Murray was nervous about issuing with his imprint, and, through the intervention of Southey, besought Landor's permission to secure another publisher for the work, a request that was not granted by the irascible poet. So it came to pass, to use Landor's words, that the book was "condemned to eternal night," the manuscript was lost, and the only printed copy was given by the author to Southey, who, in turn presented it to Monckton Milnes.

It was in the year 1811 that John Bernard Trotter published the "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox." Trotter had for a short time been Fox's private secretary, and in that capacity had been brought into close contact with the statesman, the kindest and least reticent of men; and it was as a self-imposed labour of love that, after Fox's death, the memoir was written. The book, it must be confessed, is not all it might have been: it is wordy and lacking in style, and, to modern readers, it appears fulsome; but it was composed from the heart of a grateful man, grieving for one who was friend as well as patron, and it is certainly not without value, even if it is regarded only as a tribute to the charm and the genius of the subject. A copy of the Memoir came to Landor at Llanthony, and he arose from its perusal in a fine frenzy, for which we must be grateful since it bore fruit in some magnificent prose passages of splendid vituperation.

The "Commentary" upon Trotter's almost forgotten work has its interest to-day, not in relation to that book, nor indeed as a contribution to history—and it may be noted that Landor changed his views in later years—but almost entirely for its wit and its abundant intellectual virility. The sentences passed upon Fox, Pitt, Canning, and the rest—though they provide most interesting reading—may here be ignored, since their intemperance was so great as entirely to destroy their value as reasonable criticism; but in their stead may be collected a few pronouncements upon the prominent writers of that and other days, which are scattered throughout the pages.

"I hardly know any book as pleasant to read in, or so tiresome to read through, as 'Orlando Furioso'—of course, I except 'The Faery Queene.' I will never believe that any man has overcome twelve or fifteen thousand lines of allegory, without long intervals of respite and repose. I was seventeen years in doing it, and I never did anything I would not rather do again. In the gloomy deserts of Dante some scenes are stupendous both from their grandeur and their solitude, and lose nothing of their distinctness by their elevation; in Ariosto, if there are a few misshapen ornaments, yet everything around them is smiling in sunshine and fertility. No man ever lays his poem down without a determination to resume it, but he lays it down often and negligently. Let him once be under the guidance of Dante, and—

Revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

He is determined not to desist; he may find another passage as striking as the last; he goes on and reads through" (p. 154).

"In Chaucer we recognise the strong, homely strokes, the broad and negligent facility, of a great master. Within his time and Shakespeare's, there was nothing comparable, nor, I think, between Shakespeare and Burns, a poet who much resembles him in a knowledge of nature and manners; who, in addition to this, is the most excellent of pastoral poets, not excepting Theocritus; and who in satire, if that indeed can add anything to qualities so much greater, is not inferior to Pope, or Horace, or Aristophanes" (p. 215).

"I say nothing of Addison's tragedy. His genius would not support him even in a farce. He failed in whatever bore an affinity to poetry" (p. 136).

These are but a few extracts made almost at random from a book which the historian, indeed, may ignore, but no man of letters can afford to neglect.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Charles James Fox." A Commentary on his Life and Character. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. With a Portrait. 9s. net. (Murray.)

THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY.*

Mr. Locker Lampson has written a book which, according to his own statement, "is intended to gibbet the incompetence of Ireland's Governors for five centuries, and in suffusing British cheeks with shame, to evoke better intentions for the future. Its collateral object is to lay bare the secret of the repeated failures, the worm in the heart of the tree, the want of knowledge of Irish temperament and history, so conspicuous in the rulers of Erin." To demonstrate the failure of British rule in Ireland was an easy task. It has been accomplished by writers innumerable. Of that failure Lecky—incomparably the greatest historian of Ireland—and Froude, who wrote about Ireland with so marked a bias in favour of England that he attempted to justify the Penal laws, testify no less clearly than the violently partisan historians of whom Ireland has been so prolific. The failure is on all hands admitted; but the cause of it still is, and will continue to be, matter of active dispute. Nevertheless, the task to which Mr. Locker Lampson has addressed himself—that of re-telling the sordid and sad story of Ireland's wrongs—has its own justification. "Irish history," says Sir Horace Plunkett, "is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." England is not in the least likely to forget that the Irish problem is still unsolved. Of that she is effectively reminded every day; but what she is in danger of ignoring is the historical elements in the problem, of neglecting to take account of the fact that the present stands in the relation of effect to cause to a long past. The book that brings this into clear relief, so be it that it is written with knowledge and impartiality, is entitled to considerable consideration; and although it cannot be said that Mr. Locker Lampson's contribution to the subject is of enduring value, he has brought together a great deal of information which in no single book has hitherto been accessible. Upon the history of Ireland since the Union a great deal has been written, but the writers have dealt with separate sections and special aspects of the subject. It is the distinction of Mr. Locker Lampson that he has covered the whole of the ground: from the negotiations that led up to the Union to the fall of Parnell, and that by his help one is enabled to follow up consecutively the various movements that have shaped the Ireland that we know. For example, the student who wishes to trace the evolution of the Land System of Ireland during the past century has been provided here with the information that he requires. The character and

* "A Consideration of the state of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century." By G. Locker Lampson. Price 18s. net. (London: Archibald Constable and Co.)

effects of the successive Land Acts are set forth, and the causes that led up to the adoption of land purchase justly indicated. Irish education, in respect both of primary and university education, is not understood aright without a knowledge of the various stages through which it has passed.

There can be no hopeful grappling with this problem which does not take full account of the many blunders of the past. Here again Mr. Locker Lampson is useful, for he tells the story of what has been described with very general approval as "the ruin of education in Ireland" fully and clearly.

For the diligence with which Mr. Locker Lampson has collected his material, there can be nothing but praise. He has been conscientious in the extreme in verifying his references. Unfortunately, it is impossible to extend the same praise to the manner in which the facts have been dealt with. The book lies open to the criticism that it consists of the material of history rather than of history itself. Upon the phenomena of Irish life Mr. Locker Lampson sheds no fresh light. No doubt it may be said on his behalf that he has been baffled by a problem before which greater men than he have retired. These, however, most of them at any rate, knew when they had been beaten. Mr. Locker Lampson does not. There is no denying that lack of sympathy on the part of England with Ireland has been largely responsible for Ireland's ills, and writing for Englishmen he has done well to lay full stress on this; but this is not all, and Swift and Parnell knew better than to think that when England's treatment of Ireland had been denounced the last word had been said. It is a question of Irish as well as of English temperament, and although the politician may feel justified in ignoring this, the historian cannot do so. Mr. Locker Lampson could not have the confidence which he seems to have in an Irish Channel tunnel as a means of bringing Ireland and England into better relations, if he understood Irish character sufficiently. The Channel tunnel, when it comes, will be a boon to those who are liable to sea-sickness; but its political, as distinct from its economic value, will be of the smallest. Mr. Locker Lampson has not solved the Irish problem, but he has amassed many facts which have an important bearing on its solution.

The "Ballet-Chantant" Pwè.

(Reproduced from "Indian Pictures and Problems," by kind permission of E. Grant Richards.)

INDIAN PICTURES AND PROBLEMS.*

"A book of travel sketches must begin somewhere"—is the sentence with which Mr. Malcolm opens his volume. Remembering the multitude of Indian travel books that have been written from the days of Bernier downwards, one is tempted to interrupt—"Then why begin it at all?" But once fairly started with Mr. Malcolm on his interesting journey, no reader can fail to feel grateful that this particular record was begun and continued to the finish. This is not the usual tourist diary filled with petty personal detail and impressions received by the self-centred globe-trotter, but a masterly panorama of vivid word-pictures, combined with a powerful grasp of facts political and sociological, showing wide perception, a freedom from prejudice, and a patriotic spirit of the most generous quality. The book is not too technical; it is pleasant, often humorous in style, full of vitality and infectious conviction; therefore it can be read with ease and satisfaction, and contains much valuable information that may be absorbed without effort. A book to be studied and remembered, and to be recommended not only to those already familiar with India and the pitfalls of Eastern administration, but particularly to the critic who raises his voice on Indian questions, having neither knowledge nor understanding of the country—who cannot, or will not, realise that India is no more one nation than is Europe!

Among the many races of our vast Eastern continent there has never existed a sense of one-ness; their whole civilisation has always trended more to mutual divergence, and often to hatred, and, except to the wilfully obtuse, this book must make clear at least one truth, *i.e.*, that the present condition of India under British guidance is infinitely more prosperous, peaceful, and secure than it was before the people were united under one Government, alien though that Government may be. India is poor, but she was far poorer a hundred years ago, and would be as poor now if allowed her own way. The causes of the poverty of India rest to a great extent with the people themselves. Innate improvidence, a love of reckless expenditure, a blind clinging to impoverishing customs, and a fatal facility for incurring debt, drags them under, and as yet England can only do her best in the way of prevention, though she works hard to cure.

Sentiment maintains that we merely hold the country in trust till she is fitted, through our teaching, to rule herself, but it can scarcely be argued that that time has yet arrived. The mists of ages are being lifted gradually, a new vitality is being poured into torpid veins, but it cannot be expected that in one age or century a whole country that, from remote antiquity, has been chained to a code of paralysing laws, should become competent to govern itself on modern lines. Every upward movement must pass through a stage of transition, and that stage is usually an ugly one. The present danger for India is lest her transition stage should be arrested in all its imperfect development.

As Mr. Malcolm says: "A new spirit is abroad in the land, born of partial instruction in democratic principles as carried out in the West, and of a first contact with British advisers of a younger generation schooled in the ways of democratic thought. Such a spirit does not hesitate to face the problems of self-government, entirely oblivious though it be of Eastern tradition and of the disastrous history of perpetual warfare which preceded the advent of British rule in India."

Mr. Malcolm also recognises that one of the principal difficulties of the English Government is the protection of the poorer people from mercenary and unprincipled members

* "Indian Pictures and Problems." By Ian Malcolm. 10s. 6d. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

of their own race. India needs a class of honest and efficient native officials and potentates. Mainly through the initiative of Lord Curzon (of whose statesmanship Mr. Malcolm is a warm admirer), such a class is now gradually being produced through careful and laborious efforts to influence the youth of the country, from her princes downward. Read Mr. Malcolm's chapters on Public School Life and the Native States! No further proof will be needed of British sincerity, in this direction at least. "To discern," he says, "the future of India and the destinies of its millions who now own his Majesty King Edward as their King-Emperor is not given to the sight of man. But there can be no doubt that to have implanted the public school spirit in such a soil, with every assurance that its roots are already deep and that its fruit is ripening is an achievement of which successive Viceroys may be proud and England may be glad. And the races of India themselves will, in the days to come, bless the hand that guided them out of the darkness if their rulers will remain true to themselves."

It is to be hoped, in the interests of both countries, that Mr. Malcolm will continue to make a study of Indian Problems.

ALICE PERRIN.

THE WORLDE AND IMPERY OF ENGLANDE.*

It has been remarked more than once that the Tudors knew better how to select their servants than how to reward them. Undoubtedly Henry VIII. did well when he chose John Leland for royal topographer, procured him four benefices and a papal dispensation to be absent from them, and empowered him to search the libraries of the realm just, happily, at a time when they were about to be scattered by the dissolution of the monasteries. Never was there such a prodigious topographer as Leland! The present edition of his "Itinerary"—his notes on England and Wales—is to occupy five foolscap quarto volumes. (The portions he cast into narrative form are scarcely more expanded or less succint than his notes.) German competition, which seems to be nearly as old as the servant question, was part occasion of his setting forth. For the rest, as he says in his "Newe Yeares Gyfte to King Henry the VIII." (1546), reprinted in this volume:—

"Wherfore after that I had perpendid the honest and profitable studies of these historiographes, I was totally enflammid with a love to see thoroughly al those partes of this your opulente and ample reaulme, that I had redde of yn the aforesaid writers: yn so muche that al my other occupations intermittid I have so travelid yn yower dominions booth by the se costes and the midle partes, sparing nother labor nor costes, by the space of these vi. yeres paste, that there is almoste nother cape, nor bay, haven, creke or peere, river or confluence of rivers, breches, waschis, lakes, meres, fenny waters, montaynes, valleis, mores, hethes, forestes, wooddes, cities, burges, castelles, principale manor placis, monasteries, and colleges, but I have seene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of thinges very memorable."

Leland's design was to write such a description of the kingdom "that it shaul be no mastery after for the graver or painter to make a like by a perfecte exemple." That done, he purposed to write a history, "De Antiquitate Britannica, or els Civilis Historia"—in fifty books! Then he intended to add six books on the isles adjacent to Britain; and lastly: "To superadde a worke as an ornament and a right comely garlande to the enterprises afore saide, I have selectid stuffe to be distributid into thre bookes, the whiche I purpose thus to entitle, De Nobilitate Britannica . . . so that al noble men shaul clerely perceyve theyr lineal parentele." In 1547, however, Leland "by a most pitifull occasion [royal neglect?] fell beside his wits." The "Itinerary," though far short of his boast, is a sufficient monument, and has been delving ground for a host of local historians.

Some industrious modern topographers may have written as much in verbal quantity as Leland, but not one has rivalled him in quantity of matter. Indeed, it is his most noticeable characteristic, that he is keen on the fact, or what he took to be the fact. Mileage from place to place is consistently noted.

"Men of Dertmouth caulle it but 5. miles betwixt Dert and Torre, but I take it to be more, and that but only to Byri Pointe.

"I take the bay of Torre by estimation to be x. miles and more in cumpace, and Byri and Peritorre Pointes be distante a greate lege, that is about a 4. miles.

"Fisschar men hath divers tymes taken up with theyr nettes yn Torrebay musons of hartes, whereby men juge that yn tymes paste it hath be forest grounde.

"I markid almost in the midle of this bay one house sette on the hard shore: and a smaul peere by it as a socour for fisschar botes."

That is a good example of Leland's style. He notes carefully the condition of buildings, the fruitfulness of land, the markets and state of trade, the prominent families, the manorial and ecclesiastical possessions. His curiosity is wonderful; his knack of obtaining information more so. He never indulges in set description, but merely says that such and such a thing was "praty" or "fair" or "mete." Latter-day topography too often reminds one of badly made porridge: the sloppy part is description, and the lumps are fact, which the topographer would have done without if he could. The truth is, of course, that we cannot see life, or England, as a whole; we have highly æsthetic predilections—must choose tit-bits. What part of modern England we don't know how to deal with, we call ugly or incongruous, and avoid, and we rush after beauty-spots to gush over them. We funk the fact, or else, being scientifically minded, we make it dull. Leland did neither. Most prosaic of topographers, he is one of the most readable and valuable. He did not mix fact and impression, according to recipe. On the contrary, he so loved his little facts that out of a multitude of them he did create a "worlde and impery of Englande."

Miss Toulmin Smith's edition—the first since Hearne's—is based on Hearne's second edition of 1744, which has been collated with what remains of the original MS., with Stow's almost complete copy (about 1576), and with other MS. copies. The restoration of the text is well done; emendations and additions are fully notified as such. A small amount of rearrangement has been effected, in order to bring neighbouring places into the some volumes, and some genealogical matter has been carried over to appendices. Place-names are as far as possible identified, and at the end of the book are two maps showing Leland's route. This Vol. I. includes the north of England below the Tyne and east of the Pennine Range; the eastern midlands; the country immediately to the north and south of the Wiltshire Downs, and the West-country. (What a feat it was in those days to travel across Exmoor and right down Cornwall to Land's End!) With reservation that the indices are incomplete, and that the introduction, on Leland's time, life and work, and on the MSS., is too overladen with the results of research for its general drift to be very plain, or its literary quality very high, nothing but praise is due to this excellent and timely edition of a work most difficult to put in order.

* "Leland's Itinerary." Parts I. to III. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. I. 18s. net. (London: Bell.)

LADY PANSHAWE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

The autobiography of Ann Lady Fanshawe, first printed in 1829, is well known as one of the most readable memoirs of the seventeenth century. Horace Walpole had sight of the papers and wrote about them to Lady Ossory: "I had been told they were very curious, which was a little more than I found them, though not unentertaining. They chiefly dwelt on private domestic distresses and what the aristocrats of that time were apprehending from their enemies, who, however, were not such tigers and hyænas as the French of this day." This gives a very misleading idea of the narrative; for although Lady Fanshawe, as the wife of a conspicuous cavalier, had plenty of domestic anxiety and vicissitude during the civil war, she was a woman of intelligence beyond the common, deeply interested in public events as they affected the monarchy and the nation. Her husband, Sir Richard, entered diplomacy in 1635 as secretary to the British Embassy at Madrid, and thereafter, saving seven years spent in prison and on parole following on his capture at the Battle of Worcester, was constantly employed in the public service until his death in Spain in 1666. Lady Fanshawe tells how, on an occasion, he gently bridled her curiosity about politics—tells it so prettily, and in a way that reveals so much of the manner of a fashionable English household at that period, that we are tempted to make a somewhat long extract from her narrative.

* "The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe." Reprinted from the original manuscript. 16s. net. (London: John Lane; New York: John Lane Co.)

It was in 1645 when, the King's Court being at Oxford, Sir Richard was appointed Secretary to the newly-formed Council of War. It was known that important dispatches had arrived from Queen Henrietta Maria in Paris, which had been considered in Council and formed the subject of much excited speculation among Royalists. Lady Rivers, a Roman Catholic dame of the Court, perceiving in the young bride a fitting instrument for extracting information from the enamoured Secretary of Council,

". . . tacitly commended the knowledge of State affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof . . . and that none was more capable than I (Lady Fanshawe); that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the Queen, and she would be extremely glad to hear what the Queen commanded the King in order to his affairs; saying if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young, innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, 'What news?' begun to think there was more in inquiring into business of public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband (if that had been possible) than I was. When my husband returned from the Council, after welcoming him home, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more. I followed him. He, turning hastily, said: 'What wouldst thou, my life?' I told him I heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed it that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: 'My love, I will immediately come to thee. Pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet I revived my suit. He kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he, as usually, sat by me and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked him again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed: I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning, very early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but begun to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply. He rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtain softly and went to Court. When he came home to dinner he presently came to me, as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms, answered: 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of your business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed. But my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that, from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but that he communicated freely to me."

Ann Lady Fanshawe.

(Reproduced from "The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

After the restoration, Fanshawe was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Spain, and his wife gives a delightful account of their journey thither and their reception in Madrid. Very imposing must have been the appearance presented by the new Minister and his suite, which included twenty footmen dressed in liveries (also new) of "dark green cloth with a frost upon green lace." It was the age when men went in fine raiment:—

"My husband went in a very rich suit of clothes of a dark *fille-morte* brocade laced with silver and gold lace, nine laces, every one as broad as my hand, and a little silver and gold lace laid between them, both of very curious workmanship. His suit was trimmed with scarlet taffeta ribbon, his stockings of white silk upon long scarlet silk ones, his shoes black, with scarlet shoe-strings and garters," and so on.

Faction was rampant at the Spanish Court, and Fanshawe found it no easy matter to keep clear of it—did not, indeed, succeed in doing so. It was thought expedient to recall him in 1666, so the Earl of Sandwich was sent to take over his office. Sir Richard and his wife thereupon prepared to return to England, but he, being stricken with fever, embarked upon a longer journey, dying before the end of June.

Neither in the memoirs nor in nearly 400 pages of notes appended to them is there anything new to the student of the reigns of Charles I. and II., but Lady Fanshawe is a charming writer; her story is full of lively episode and vivid portraiture. It is a boon to have her autobiography in such an agreeable form as the present edition, which, besides many illustrations, has the merit of an excellent index.

The narrative loses some piquancy by being rendered into modern spelling, and the editor, who only reveals himself or herself as the grandson or granddaughter of Sir N. H. Nicolas, editor of the 1829 edition, is not quite free from the common foible of biographers in over-advertising their subject—a kind of literary shop-walking, against which strong measures must be taken some day. For instance, Fanshawe was far too big a personality to deserve the indignity of the following puff in the preface, which might be fitting enough concerning an honest solicitor or a country parson:—

"From first to last Sir Richard is described as an honourable gentleman, alike by Lord Aston, the Marquis of Ormonde, Sir Edward Nicholas, Sir George Radcliff, Sir Edward Hyde (Earl of Clarendon), and the two Kings of England whom he served."

TWO BOOKS ON JAPAN.*

We shall soon know of Japan all that books can tell us. One or two Japanese have told a few plain and not particularly instructive facts about their country. A host of European and American writers provide facts with commentaries submerged in a sea of theory.

Having read these books, or as many of them as eager minds can be expected to absorb, our knowledge begins to resemble that of Lafcadio Hearn. Hearn's many years of intelligent and curious existence among the Japanese brought him a keen realisation of his ignorance of the country and people of his adoption. The large and increasing library of English studies of Japanese life and character, prospects and possibilities, etc., etc., is gradually but seriously suggesting to the English reader that he does not comprehend Japan when he has hung a Japanese print on the walls of his study and admired to excess the martial deeds of the conquering nation in Manchuria.

The Japanese need not be considered peculiarly mysterious folk. But, in the first place, they are Eastern, while we are Western. The inevitable quotation from Mr. Kipling

* "The Unveiled East." By F. A. McKenzie. With 29 Illustrations and 3 Maps. 12s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"The Future of Japan: With a Survey of Present Conditions." By W. Petrie Watson. 10s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

is not necessary to point the conclusion. Moreover, in addition to the difficulties of racial comprehension, we have to remember that Japan is a new study, sprung upon us with more than ordinary complications by the fast-moving history of the last ten or twenty years. A much longer opportunity has been granted us of getting to know the multifarious peoples of India; and how much of them do we know?

The danger has been, and still is, that we should regard our allies as a miracle of nature. From that point of view we have looked at them enough, and more than enough. It is well that we should be reminded they are but men.

The prime value of these two books—Mr. Petrie Watson's and Mr. McKenzie's—is that they are critical rather than applausive. They tend to restore the reader, appalled by a long course of adulation founded on the shock of conquering arms, to a sane frame of mind. If he wants to be just to the Japanese, he must learn to detach himself from the contemplation of mythical semi-divinities and use his eyes on actual fellow creatures. Some folks will be shocked at Mr. Watson's and Mr. McKenzie's lack of rapture in regarding the Oriental idols. Mr. McKenzie in particular they will accuse of a too observant eye. Other folks, possessed of a greater respect for truth, will be glad to meet criticism in alliance with honesty.

Photo by F. A. McKenzie. **Chinese Railway Station, Peking—Hankow Railway.**

(Reproduced from "The Unveiled East" by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Watson, though he writes well at times, is in general too rhetorical and cloudy. His purpose, he says, is "mainly to render a psychological and philosophical account—or, perhaps, a broadly planned synthetic account—of historical and contemporary Japan, and to exhibit that degree of correlation which is to be discovered—or which, being discovered, may be usefully stated—between the phenomena of Japanese history and European, and between contemporary Japanese and European conditions." A portentous sentence which sets the key to much—too much—in the subsequent pages!

If Mr. Watson be a philosopher who is trying to be profound, it may be objected that Mr. McKenzie is a journalist who endeavours to expound the past, present, and future of an inexplicable people in three hundred pages of large print. Nevertheless, Mr. McKenzie's is a good book, entertaining to read and the seed of fruitful thought. Personally, I have found it a sad book, but must admit, in deference to those who consider an aptitude for getting on in life the measure of a nation's happiness, that this may be the despicable result of an unpractical habit of thought.

To put it briefly, but I hope with little of the injustice often inseparable from brief statements, Mr. McKenzie shows us a people who seemed born to inhabit an Eden turned out by the blazing torch of industrial, martial, and political progress into a sordid world of varied strife. The old Japan was full of a delicate art and poetry. It cared for beauty, and it was beautiful. It is now bent on subjecting its beauty to its desire for riches and for dominion. Grace is not conducive to getting on in life; therefore grace must go. The standards of loveliness must be reconstituted in order that the people may find the ideal outline in the crude curves of a battleship.

Lest this be thought an absurdly sentimental statement of the position, let me quote part of Mr. McKenzie's testimony to the assumption by Tokyo of the curses as well as the potency of a great Power. "It was once the boast of Tokyo," he remarks, "that it had no real slums. Each year this is becoming less and less true. There is still more sordid misery in Poplar or Canning Town than in the entire Japanese capital. But Tokyo is gradually acquiring its slum problem, like European cities. I have been down streets there where the familiar type of the peaked-faced child and the gaunt, overworked woman could be seen in house after house." In another place, asking, "Where were now the dainty daughters of Japan?" he points to the factory workers of Osaka. "Their clothes, shabby and sad-coloured, matched their prematurely aged faces. There were children among them, little girls of nine and ten, who had been all day at work in the mills, like their elders."

Again, if any still doubt that Japan is human—stupidly human—let them follow Mr. McKenzie in Korea. Then must they allow that, if Japan has learnt to fight, it has not learnt to rule. The common people of Korea welcomed Japanese protection. They thought it meant freedom and progress. They are discovering that it means oppression and cruelty and spoliation.

I hope Mr. McKenzie has exaggerated the miseries of Korea. In any case, time must be allowed to a conquering nation to get rid of its arrogance and to mature in itself the arts of mutually profitable dominion. Japan may become a blessing to Korea. But will the commercial, industrial, and political progress of Japan conduce to the happiness of the Japanese? One thinks of Tokyo's acquisition of the slum and child-labour problem and is doubtful. A country must "dree its weird." It cannot pick and choose its fate. Yet the moral seems clear to short-sighted mortal eyes: that to a people, no less than to the individual, getting on in life does not mean peace and contentment. THOMAS LLOYD.

THE VIA MEDIA IN IRELAND.*

The part which Lord Dunraven took in bringing about the Land Conference, out of which came the Wyndham Land Act of 1903, in itself entitles his views as to the ills of Ireland, and their cure, to respectful consideration. Upon that occasion he achieved the remarkable feat of earning the gratitude of Irishmen of all parties. There is no such unanimity in regard to his subsequent activity in advocating Devolution as a solution of the Irish problem, nevertheless it is indisputable that he it was—aided by the controversy which took place over Sir Antony MacDonnell's and Mr. Wyndham's relation to the proposal—who secured for it a place in public interest. It evoked strong opposition from both parties in Ireland, as was indeed to be expected; and although Lord Dunraven has seen it adopted by the present

* "The Outlook in Ireland": the Case for Devolution and Conciliation. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, K.P. 7s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co., Ltd.; London: John Murray.)

Administration as the basis of their Irish policy, he cannot have derived much satisfaction from the result. The credit of originating the application of Devolution to the Government of Ireland he assigns to Mr. Chamberlain, but whether he is right in that or not, no one has done more than he has done himself to recommend it to the people of England and Scotland as an alternative to Home Rule. Therein lies the interest of this book; it is an exposition and defence of Devolution by its chief apostle.

"Ireland is sick," and in assuming the rôle of physician Lord Dunraven, in this volume, essays first to describe the symptoms of the malady, then to account for them, and, finally, to recommend a cure. It is in his bringing before the British public the facts, which are outside of all controversy, in reference to the condition of Ireland, that he has rendered a real service. These facts are sadly familiar in Ireland, but they cannot be pressed home too strongly, not only upon the heart but upon the conscience of Great Britain. They are summed up in the tragic statistics of Irish emigration, and in the census returns, which show that in sixty years the population of the country has fallen by nearly four millions. In 1841 the population of Ireland was over eight millions; in 1901 it did not reach four and a half millions. At the beginning of last century Ireland had more than three times the population of Scotland; at the beginning of this Scotland was ahead of it by nearly one hundred thousand. Impressive enough as they stand, these figures assume still sadder significance when their full implication in reference to physical and social conditions in Ireland is brought out. The young and the strong have gone; the invalid and the aged have remained. The physical vitality of the country has been sapped. Tuberculosis, and also for some unexplained reason, cancer, are rife. Lunacy has increased. Life in rural Ireland has become so unendurably depressing that young men and young women take the earliest opportunity of making escape across the Atlantic. The note of genuine sincerity is in Lord Dunraven's account of these things. He sorrows over them as one whose love of Ireland is deep and enduring, and whose passionate desire is to see again the smile on the face of Dark Rosaleen.

While the state of Ireland is from several points of view so bad that it would be difficult to exaggerate it, there are hopeful elements in the situation which should not be ignored. Lord Dunraven fully recognises that the passing of the Land Act of 1903 has greatly improved the outlook. That ensures that within a period, which unfortunately threatens to be longer than need be because of the delay in the proceedings under the Act, the peasants of Ireland will become occupying owners. A silent revolution is being effected of which even those who are most closely in touch with Irish life are unable to forecast the results. There is another movement in Ireland to which Lord Dunraven does not altogether do justice. It is that which has been associated with the name of Sir Horace Plunkett, of which the results in the way of promoting co-operation in agricultural industries, and in engendering self-reliance in the people, are in the eyes of those who are conversant with them the most hopeful element in the Irish life of to-day.

Although Lord Dunraven has not added anything material to the reports of previous observers as to the symptoms of Ireland's malady, his testimony derives an importance of its own as that of one who is able to say: "I am a landlord, a Protestant and a Unionist. I hold to my class, my creed and my political faith." For the same reason his views as to the cause of the illness are of exceptional interest, although it is clear that in Ireland they by no means command general assent. All persons who have any claim to be heard on the subject confess that English misrule in the past is largely responsible for the condition of Ireland in the present; where they differ is in the extent to which they regard this as an exhaustive account of the matter. There were other causes, and Lord Dunraven is open to criticism in respect of his not assigning to these the importance they ought to have. Moreover, there are Unionists who, while admitting every word that Lord Dunraven says as to the deplorable conditions in Ireland, will join issue with him in his identification of these evils with the Union, as an unwarranted application of the argument *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

Into the merits of the cure which Lord Dunraven proposes, and urges with great earnestness, there is no occasion to enter here. On that debate runs high in the political arena. He has at least proved that a remedy is needed. He has accomplished a patriot's task in directing attention to the disabilities under which his country labours. Opinions differ as to the nature of these disabilities, they differ still more as to the manner in which they can be removed; nevertheless, those who read Lord Dunraven's book will learn from it a great deal about Ireland which it is necessary that the people of England and Scotland should know.

JOHN MACARTHUR.

Novel Notes.

BACHELOR BETTY. By Winifred James. Price 6s. (London: Constable and Co.)

Miss Betty Beresford comes from Australia to London, in order to fulfil what she conceives to be a literary vocation, but the working days of her life are not spent in the sordid air of Grub Street. We hear more of her lovers and skirts than of her manuscripts. She has some rich relatives within comfortable reach, which must have been a comfort to her, but which rather deprives her story of the desperate interest attaching to the career of a girl who has only herself to rely upon in the struggle for literary success. However, Miss James has managed to write a very lively and fresh story. The description of the steamer-life is perhaps as good as anything in the book, but the evident zest and vitality of the authoress make nearly all the chapters throb with movement, and there is plenty of shrewd comment upon modern women. "It seems to me," Miss James writes, "that it would be so much better if all women were brought up not necessarily to be independent, but to be *able* to be independent." This hits the mark fairly, and there are many such telling sentences in the volume. It is rather hastily written, but no part of it is dull.

THE BURNING TORCH. By F. F. Montrésor. Price 6s. (London: John Murray.)

Miss Montrésor can be depended upon to write a modern story with both sympathy and distinction. The heroine of her latest novel is a girl who has Cassandra's faculty of presentiment. Dolores is so sensitive that coming misfortunes, among her circle, touch her with a shiver of fear; but, unfortunately, this prophetic gift finds little credence, and she dies with her love unfulfilled on earth. The contrast between her shy, unselfish soul and the *bourgeois* family of relatives who take care of her, after her father's death, is admirably worked out. Miss Montrésor has drawn her characters brightly and surely. The style is easy, and it is almost superfluous to add that the interest of the novel is heightened by the unobtrusive evidence of deep feeling and wide thought. Careful work of this kind is too rare in modern fiction. The Mums, indeed, remind one of Besant in his happiest mood, and the humour of their Bohemian existence relieves the darker elements of a story which is unreservedly to be commended to all who may still need an introduction to the work of this gifted authoress.

THE PRICE OF SILENCE. By M. E. M. Davis. 6s. (Constable).

There are colour and atmosphere in "The Price of Silence"; its characters are drawn with no little skill, and it is cunningly and vividly alive with the proud spirit of the time when South America was at war with the North; but the story itself, though stirring enough and picturesque, is not altogether convincing. Farragut has broken the Confederate fleet; the Yankees are in possession of New Orleans; the blacks are divided between joy in their newfound freedom and a curious loyalty to their old masters. The conquerors come to pay a domiciliary visit to the house of Madame de Laussan; incidentally they purpose to arrest her son Pierre, but, warned and befriended by the very negro servant who had betrayed his whereabouts to the enemy, he escapes to join his father, who is with the Confederate army. Before he goes he takes from its place on the wall the sword of Lafayette, and, to save it from being desecrated by the touch of Yankee hands, hides it somewhere in the house. He dies in battle, and after peace is

restored, certain young men who are in love with Madame de Laussan's niece Noemie make a wager, with Madame's earnest approval, that they will find the cherished sword, she permitting them to search the house, and whoever succeeds in the quest is to claim the hand of Noemie as his reward, Noemie herself laughingly assenting to the arrangement. The story is ingenious, and lends itself to sensational developments; it wins and holds your interest, if it does not quite win you to believe in it.

THE BACHELOR GIRLS. By Keble Howard. Price 6s. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Howard apologises for the cheerful tone of this story by declaring that it is essentially true. One is glad to hear it, for the struggles of two girls in London journalism do not usually promise wedding-bells and good incomes within a twelvemonth. Billie and Julie, the heroines of this romance, are fortunate enough to enlist the sympathy of an eccentric bachelor, however, who has much money and no relatives. And his sympathy takes the unselfish form of forwarding the love-interests of both girls. The result is clover all round. But we hope Mr. Howard's pages will not be responsible for an influx of maidens into Fleet Street. Impecunious bachelor girls are more common than the modern prototype of the brothers Cheeryble. The best way to take this entertaining novel is to read it for sheer amusement, and Mr. Howard is a past-master in the art of constructing simple annals of modern life, with an easy flow of interest. The exposure of Mr. Littlecoat, the publisher, which forms one of the dramatic passages in the story, may be a useful warning to amateur novelists.

THE GRIM SMILE OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is a collection of stories and sketches that, as the title indicates, deal in the humours of those drab industrial towns of the North Country with whose streets and people Mr. Arnold Bennett has an extensive and intimate acquaintance. The smile is not always grim, but certainly the ironic note more or less predominates throughout. "Baby's Bath" is extravagant, and would be sheer farce but for the quaint irony of its conclusion. "From One Generation to Another" again has a touch of the same satirical quality, but has a sly, genial warmth underlying it. "The Death of Simon Fuge" is clever, but too long; and "In a New Bottle" is a grotesque trifle that should have been omitted; it is crude burlesque, for no parson would have made the remark which gives the joke all the point it has, and the joke itself is in questionable taste. With this one exception, the stories in the book are admirable—we have nothing but praise for them. If we must single out one as the best, it shall be "The Lion's Share," which Mr. Bennett rightly places in the forefront. It is so simple and natural that it might be true, and the quiet humour and irony that are inherent in the episode, or series of episodes, it narrates are brought out with an ease and skill that misses no effect and over-emphasises none.

THE COWARD IN EDEN. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

You inevitably compare "The Coward in Eden" with "A Magdalen's Husband" and "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix," and then you are disposed to be dissatisfied with it. Certainly, it is on a lower level, both in idea and workmanship, than those two earlier novels of Mr. Vincent Brown's. It is more melodramatic, and the characters being subservient to the development of the plot, their actions do not always strike you as being natural to themselves. Mrs. Adeane has reason to suspect that her husband's brother is secretly married, and, later, that he has murdered his wife; she confides these suspicions to her sister, to whom he is engaged, but says no word of them to her husband, not because she, being the woman she is represented to be, would have been thus strangely reticent, but because the exigencies of the plot render it necessary. This is a great weakness, if you take the book seriously, and Mr. Brown has proved himself so fine an artist that all your inclination is to do so; but if you do not, it is a capital and wholly readable romance, full of intrigue and suspense and the play of cross purposes, and written with an imagination, a knowledge of humanity and a ripe ability that are worthy of a bigger theme.

IN PASTURES NEW. By George Ade. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

There is nothing but laughter between the covers of "In Pastures New"; the breezy, irresponsible laughter that is as good as a change of air and better than a tonic. It is the broadly farcical record of a holiday tour in and about London, Paris, Naples, and Cairo, spiced with the misadventures of the inimitable Mr. Peasley and his quaintly humorous comments on the manners and customs of the strange peoples with whom he makes acquaintance. He doesn't think much of London, and he only likes Egypt because it makes him feel that henceforth he will be satisfied with Iowa. It is small for its age, he considers, and he is not sorry when the time comes for quitting it and he can write to his friends in the States to say that "at 8 G.M. to-morrow I turn my face towards the only country on earth where a man can get a steak that hasn't got goo poured all over it. Meet me at the station with a pie. Tell mother I am coming home to eat." One of the best London chapters is that in which the author tells how he took a lesson at first-hand in the beauties of the real English language; there is a capital chapter, too, in the Egyptian section "all about our visit to the Pyramid of Cheops"; but wherever you read you may be sure of being amused. It is, in a word, a new "Tramp Abroad," as original as the old one and as riotously funny.

WINDOVER TALES. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

"On Windy Hill," the longest of these nine north-country short stories, is the tale of how Blair of Blair, the Jacobite, was hidden at Windy Hall by Sir Peter Lynn's daughter; how the two did the least that could be expected of them; how the Usurper's officer quartered himself in the house, and also fell in love with Barbara Lynn; how Sir Peter's coffin was opened by the wicked Duke of Cumberland; and how things came fairly right in the end. A most uncanny atmosphere envelops the comparatively simple story. Others of the nine—one is told by a particularly gruesome old sexton—are even more weird and windy. Family curses, second sight, duels, fights, murders, dark passions, bogs and storms are set off against remarkably "sudden and abiding love," a devoted appreciation of Jacobite dignity and true gentility, and, usually, an ending that is all that can be desired. Pleasanter, much more humorous, than the sentimentally idealised Jacobites, and the churchyards and bogs, is the "Bygone Christmas Tale," wherein an excellent widow, Betty o' th' Nab, saves a fugitive sheep-stealer from the gallows, falls in love with the usual rapidity, and marries him, for the very good reason that "Enoch needn't turn i' his grave, I reckon, for ye're marrow to him, height an' breadth, an' comeliness an' all." These stories of Mr. Sutcliffe's are a little thin and remote even for historical fiction, but he tells them with such spirit, and blows into them so much of the wildness of the moor, that for the moment of reading, at all events, they do capture the imagination. Why Dick of the Road becomes Lord *Travers* on the death of Lord *Travis*, we do not quite understand. Possibly Mr. Sutcliffe wrote in a hurry.

THE GOOD COMRADE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

The Polkingtons—Captain, Mrs., and three daughters—are people who keep up a ricketty position on a small income and large debts. Julia, the second and plain daughter, is the Good Comrade. She is Becky Sharp with a difference; of necessity an adventuress, by nature a woman of honour. Were we to outline the plot of the book, it might seem rather commonplace, in structure if not in details. Indeed, the extraordinary way in which the plot very gradually and quietly gains grip, is one of the merits of "The Good Comrade." Very briefly, Julia, under the impression that by getting or stealing a bulb of the rare blue daffodil, she can honourably discharge a debt of her father's, goes as lady-help into the Dutch bulb-grower's family. After a most humorous collision with Dutch propriety, she returns with the bulb as a gift from Joost Van Heigen, a really beautiful character, and with a stolen bottle of Herr Van de Greutz's new explosive done up in the centre bow of her hat, and the formula fastened inside her cuff. And Narcissus Triandrus Azureum Vrouw Van Heigen blossoms in Julia's Norfolk garden into the still rarer Narcissus Triandrus

Striatum, The Good Comrade. The Van Heigens' house, garden, and pride of trade are especially well done, but the gist of the book lies on the one hand in the contrast between the hollow, lying life of the Polkingtons, the simple solid life of the Van Heigens, and the English gentleman ideal; and on the other hand in the struggle between Julia's necessities and her honour—her poverty-sharpened wits and her real nature's desire. All these various lives and ideals are very delicately sketched in. One would say, perhaps, that Miss Silberrad makes disproportionately much of small social differences, did not her method give occasion for such delightful flashes of worldly wisdom and for such complete characterisation. Within the ordinary bounds of leisurely fiction, she has again achieved a notable piece of work which should prove good reading both for those who like a story and for those who appreciate observation and literary quality

THE MESSAGE. By A. J. Dawson. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

It must be realised, in order to appreciate this book, that in 1906 a Government was put into power in England, called by all true patriots "The Destroyers," whose general futility was only relieved by a vigorous reduction of the Navy, which at last enabled Germany to land a huge force in East Anglia, seize London, and impose a war indemnity of one hundred million pounds. France and Japan would seem to have been asleep or on a journey, but that is a mere detail. Then the patriots rise, noble creatures. A league of citizens is formed by a Kiplingite from South Africa. Two Canadian preachers carry through England a crusade of duty to Britain as the chief end of man's religion, and this is adroitly exploited by the Imperialists who hoodwink Germany, till the hour for striking the blow arrives, and Britain is once more free. This time, the Channel Fleet is luckily in action. On the previous occasion it was beguiled by a German manœuvre to the safe distance of the Mediterranean. However, the great point is, that England learns her triple lesson—compulsory military training for all, the blessings of a preferential tariff, and the need of a federation of all English-speaking people. It is all very sad and mad and bad, evidently, the régime under which we are living to-day. But the pure, impenitent joy of it is to see Mr. Dawson oblivious to the wild humour of his own ideas. A Jingo in the pulpit is an edifying spectacle to the comic spirit, and one goes away from the entertainment with only one regret, that a writer who could begin a novel so excellently, with such crisp if acid sketching, should think it worth his while to violate the canons of literary art and commonsense by diverging into the composition of a shrill political pamphlet. It is the fair woman tailing off into a fish—for the Jingo conclusions of "The Message" are fishy to the last degree.

HER SON. By Horace A. Vachell. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

Albert Bridge. Thunder and lightning.

"Dorothy lifted a well-hung skirt, and began to run. . . .

"'Oh, you nymph!' muttered an actor. . . .

"The bridge rocked, groaning and travailing, like a creature in anguish.

"'Dear, dear!' sobbed the young woman. 'Ain't this awful?'

"'It's not awful,' she [Dorothy] said, with authority. 'The storm is at least half a mile away.'"

So 'tis. Poor bridge, so to rock! Poor Dorothy, so to have to run before the thunders and lightning of Mr. Vachell! But after all, it's not very awful. The storm is always at least half a mile away from reality, or the illusion of it. For this is the fiction that is stranger than fact.

The man, Richard Gasgoyne, journalist, "came into her life," of course. Crystal Wride, actress, Dick's former nurse and mistress, follows pretty quickly. Dramatic scenes, explanations—wait a year. Dick undertakes an African expedition, and is reported killed, eaten! Crystal bears his son. By arrangement with fate, Dick returns, misses Dorothy and marries Crystal, who reports the child dead. But Dorothy has taken the boy from the Home for Little Mistakes, and has adopted him. Her rival's boy, for the father's sake, becomes more to her than bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She clings to him. A nurse and some cathedral town gossips chatter around while she runs with her well-hung skirts to a happy ending. Conversation proceeds always at white heat. One chapter is headed "Evisceration," which seems to us nastier than the majority of such euphemisms. Had not Dorothy been the woman she was, undoubtedly she would have collapsed. The plot, as a plot, is exciting. The book will find many admiring readers, but they will not be the same readers who admired Mr. Vachell's earlier work.

PEGGOTTS; OR, THE INDIAN CONTINGENT. By Margaret Paterson. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

Peggotts is a bright, capable Anglo-Indian girl, brought up by her grandmother and aunt in Edinburgh, and the Indian contingent consist of her father and mother and brother and sister, who arrive home, first to stay in Edinburgh, and then to spend a holiday in a ramshackle Irish mansion. Peggotts rises to the occasion. Her struggles to keep things going and to ward off inconvenient lovers form the staple of an extremely entertaining story. It is told in letters, a form of fiction against which one has an unreasoning prejudice. But there is no slackening of interest, and the various characters are excellently sketched. Miss Paterson has a pleasant gift of humorous description, as when she makes Peggotts declare that she had seen so many cockroaches in a basin of milk in the kitchen of the Irish house "that they looked like a good long funeral struggling through snow." Altogether, the book is full of racy incident.

PARSON CROFT. By Norman Innes. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

We do not remember having seen Mr. Norman Innes's name on the title-page of a novel before, and we have come to the conclusion that this is his first essay in that department of literature. If this be the case, we really do think that Mr. Norman Innes deserves a little patting on the back, even if his characters do talk in an archaic phraseology that is stilted and impossible, with a too plentiful besprinkling of "Zounds," and "S'life," and "Methinks." Mr. Innes has good taste, imagination, and "go," but he suffers from lack of practice in the art of story-writing. Parson Croft himself is a curious young person, who finds his "cloth" a continual drag on his inclinations, indulges in ebullitions of petulance when it is "thrown in his teeth," as he calls it. Grace Royds, the timid heroine, is one of those clinging people with long eye-lashes who are rather insipid, although the two heroes, the Parson and Colonel George, constantly show themselves prepared to lay down their lives for her on the slightest provocation. Then there is a villain—such a black, deceitful villain—one Eugene von Sprengel, with a countenance "of scornful, devilish beauty." He is both bold and bad; he is one of those fortunate people whose self-possession never deserts them, and his amazing presence of mind often leaves us quite breathless with astonished admiration. Lieschen of Koln, a beautiful but low-born damsel, who is first introduced to us as von Sprengel's mistress, and ultimately becomes the Comtesse D'Estrives, is the author's best character. There are dramatic moments in the story, which give promise of better things to come. It has, as we have remarked, many elements of crudeness, but no really objectionable features. We hope that its author, who seems to be a vigorous young writer, will get on.

DOCTOR PONS. By Paul Gwynne. 6s. (Constable.)

The author of "Marta" and "The Bandolero" has given us another noteworthy book, with the scene of its plot laid in Mexico, and the parts of many of the characters taken by Mr. Gwynne's favourite Spaniards. "Dr. Pons" is full of what are called "startling developments," but the author's ability is equal to a great deal more than the mere thrilling of his readers with the recital of a string of sensational adventures. He has rare dramatic power—to realise this one has only to read the two chapters following on Consuelo's banishment from her father's house. The characterisation is excellent throughout, and the descriptive portions of the book reveal a touch that is restrained and delicate. Only at the finish are the problems that develop with the action of the tale elucidated, and then all are solved with a suddenness that takes one's breath away. There is a secret in the story, the nature of which it would be unfair to Mr. Paul Gwynne to hint at; it can only be said that he deals with it remarkably skilfully. As to the characters themselves, Tom Barclay is a fine, healthy, clean-run Englishman, with the best instincts of his class, and Consuelo is worthy of his devotion. A glorious

woman, holding high standards of honour and nobility, she is yet a true Spaniard, with all the ardent passion and *abandon* of her race. The enigmatical Doctor Pons is the most interesting piece of character-drawing in the book, which is as absorbing a novel as we have met with for some time. The reader feels that he is groping after the key to many puzzles, and there is an elusive air of mystery about the whole of the latter part of the book, which the author has managed to convey very cleverly. We have no hesitation in heartily commending "Dr. Pons." Of a certainty it is a novel that deserves to be popular, and we imagine that it will be so.

THE TWELFTH HOUR. By Ada Leverson. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

We have carefully read "The Twelfth Hour," but have only hazy ideas as to what it is all about. It is present-day, the scene is London, the characters are wealthy, flippancies abound, there is nothing in the way of a plot, and the style is intended to be epigrammatical. A central figure is Lady Chetwode, a woman of great beauty and low-grade brain-power, who flirts with Society young men in the absence of her husband at race-meetings and on quests of old furniture. Lady Chetwode has a sixteen-year-old brother, a precocious young man, who is no doubt meant to be a character of the kind so successfully represented on the stage by Mr. Alfred Matthews. The author, however, has not Mr. Matthews' gift of characterisation, and the brother is only tiresome. The brother's name is Savile, and describing him, the writer, in a burst of brilliance, says:

"Savile would never eat *Reading* biscuits, because he feared that some form of condensed study was being insidiously introduced into his system."

The italics are Miss Leverson's, who has thoughtfully employed them in case the duller of her readers might miss the Great Jest. The book is freely peppered with italics. . . This is typical of its pleasantries:

"'Oh, I don't like so many flowers in the drawing-room, papa. But, if you like, I might send them to one of the hospitals. Perhaps the "Home of Rest for Chows and Poodles" might——'

"'Ridiculous, child. They would not be appreciated there. What do our canine friends care for carnations?' He smiled with satisfaction at the phrase."

One has the impression that Miss Leverson has frequently, in the making of this book, "smiled with satisfaction" at the phrases—and with just as much justification as the parent who spoke of canines and carnations.

THE IMPERFECT GIFT. By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (Murray.)

Miss Bottome is to be congratulated on a noteworthy and unconventional novel that is charged with clever touches and acute studies of character. Particularly successful are the studies of the two girls, Evelyn and Marjory Delamaine, the daughters of a well-born English lady, whose residence is in Italy. In temperament and disposition the girls differ in a remarkable way, and it is in the bringing out of this difference that Miss Bottome displays her peculiar skill. As the story proceeds, Evelyn becomes a secondary though interesting figure, and the author's attention is focussed chiefly on Marjory, the heroine. She goes on the stage; and of stage life there are many diverting and skilful pictures. Thanks to an early meeting with one Ben Armitage, an actor-manager who is vastly popular with the London public, she acquires eminence within a very brief period, becoming his "leading lady" and moving the critics to desperate eulogy. Armitage is "the imperfect gift." With a full knowledge of his many "affairs," Marjory marries him.

"'It is hard to understand,' said Miss Perry gently; 'but there comes to all of us, sooner or later, some imperfect gift. Ben's your great imperfect gift; the perfection will be what you make of it.'

"Marjory went over to her friend and kissed her. 'Ah!' she said, 'I only love him; he must make of that what he can!'"

The sketches of Ben and the company of which he is the adored chief are masterly—and give no hint that they are drawn by a woman. They are caustic, but free from bitterness; and Miss Bottome refrains from Moral Disquisitions regarding the shortcomings of her stage characters. It may be that endeavours will be made to identify certain of these characters with present-day London stage favourites.

The Bookman's Table.

ST. AGNES, AND OTHER DRAMAS. By E. G. Harris. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

There is so much of beauty and simplicity in this little volume of saint-dramas that we feel a genuine wish to see the "St. Agnes," at least, produced with the sympathetic care which has given us the memorable performance of "Eager-Heart" on the stage. The impressive legend of the lovely thirteen-year-old Roman girl, who refused to accept the marriage proposals of the wealthy young Pagan noble, and instead vowed herself to Christ, and suffered martyrdom for her faith, is here retold in smooth and unaffected lines, which convey, with a depth of feeling and restrained force, the fine tragedy of the early Christian endurance. In the second act, we do not think the first scene is quite up to the level of the rest of the book; there are seeming anachronisms of speech. We do not care for the expression, for instance, "Refused my son, the best match in all Rome!" or "That's right, my boy—drop your sentiment, and come to the practical question," or "don't" and "won't." They *may* be possible phrases and words, but they are not happily chosen. But except for such little flaws as these, the dramas are thoroughly interesting and engrossing. They are written with scholarly care, yet without pedantry. They visualise scenes of the past; they bring the greatness of the Christian faith home to those who read; and they provide an admirable opportunity for some very beautiful representations of serious little dramas, especially suitable for schools and colleges. Many practical stage hints and directions are given; and we repeat that for reading or staging these short dramas are full of dignity and life.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND. By Allan Fea. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

Illustrated with numerous excellent photographs, full of interesting, out-of-the-way information, and written in an easy, desultory, gossipy fashion that appeals to the mood of the happy idler, Mr. Allan Fea's "Nooks and Corners" is just the book for the rambling holiday-maker to carry away with him in his bag. For some reasons one could wish that such a book had been small enough to fit into the pocket, but then it could not have held so many photographs, and the having a handier-sized volume would scarcely compensate for the loss of these. The wanderings that Mr. Fea records in his latest itinerary took him to nooks and corners and occasional famous show-places in Huntingdon and Northampton, in Suffolk, Norfolk, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Devon and Dorset, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire. His pages are rich in stories and legends of ancient abbeys, castles, and halls, and old-world country places; if there are quaint, obsolete customs still surviving in some old hamlet or village, he does not fail to acquaint you with their history; if there is a tale to be told about some obscure, memory-haunted inn or ruinous manor, he knows it and tells it. All which makes uncommonly good reading, and anyone who feels like setting out with a knapsack and tramping through the districts it covers will find this a quite ideal guide-book.

EVERSLEY GARDENS AND OTHERS. By Rose G. Kingsley. With 18 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Allen.)

Miss Kingsley is a daughter of Charles Kingsley and a woman of considerable gardening experience and taste. In this book she describes the making of her garden, not far from the Rectory at Eversley, and then her later work and its results in a series of chapters on soils, plantings, prunings, bulbs, the garden in May, summer and autumn, the shrubbery, cut flowers; adding chapters on birds and gardens, on Bramshill House, and on the Rectory Garden and The Mount at Eversley. She wastes fewer words than most writers of her class, and seldom strays far from the path of her own experience. Her chapter on her father's garden will please many of his admirers. She tells of the "Study Garden," *e.g.*, up and down which he walked composing sermon, novel, lecture or poem, "for he never indulged in 'rough copy,' every sentence being thought out first, and then written or dictated straight off with hardly a correction;

of his habit of decorating blotting-paper, books, etc., with outline heads as he paused; of

"Hot days when my father would tempt his favourite pair of natterjacks from their hole in the lawn beyond the Acacia tree, and walk up and down admiring the colours on their backs, while the little creatures sat contentedly in his hand; or when he would persuade the half-tame slow-worm to come out of his nest in the steep, thyme-grown bank of the sunk fence. Memories of warm summer evenings, when, in the soft dusk, German part songs and English glees would float up in the still air beneath the huge canopy of the fir-boughs."

These are pleasing, unaffected enough, but the practical chapters are twice as long as they need be. No doubt Miss Kingsley has something more than an æsthetic liking for her garden, but in her writing she lays too much stress on colour combinations, etc., considering that she has no power of suggesting them. Too often she writes of the pleasure of the eyes and fails to please, as for example:—

"The wild Lent lilies were in full flower. Sheets of pale gold spread under the great leafless oak trees in the wild garden, and up the steep slopes of the copse. And outside the confines of the garden, in the farther wood where the undergrowth has been cut this winter, the delicate flowers rose in millions—a never-to-be-forgotten vision of beauty—in the hot April sun; while among them white wood-anemones lay in snowdrift, and the glossy leaves of bluebells that will take their place were already pushing up through the soil."

Here she has done nothing that could not have been done by saying that there were daffodils under bare oaks, and anemones and bluebell leaves in the underwood. But for those who love gardens the book has many practical hints.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By J. M. Synge. 2s. net. (Maunsel and Co.)

Mr. Synge's play has already excited intense admiration and annoyance on the stage, where alone perhaps its wholeness and its extraordinary vitality at every point may be completely enjoyed. The characters are Michael James Flaherty, an innkeeper, and his daughter, Pegeen; her lover, Shawn; some village girls and farmers; and Christy Mahon and Old Mahon, his father: the scene, the coast of Mayo. Christy comes after nightfall, a lean and timid youth, to the inn, and makes a hit by saying that he has killed his father. "You should have had good reason for doing the like of that," says Michael with great respect, and all are in awe of such a bold fellow, especially as the police are against him. He is made potboy and left to look after pretty Pegeen while the rest go to a wake. "Now, by the grace of God, herself will be safe this night, with a man killed his father holding danger from the door." Pegeen falls quite out of love with her old lover, a timid, law-abiding man, and in love with Christy for his daring and his beautiful speeches. Christy rises to his reputation, swaggers more and more—making the blow that killed his father split him to the gullet, and finally to the waist—wins a fearful widow as second lover, and actually triumphs in the local sports on the shore. Meantime old Mahon, not at all dead, is close on his track, and is at the inn when Christy is coming back shoulder-high from the races—"It's Christy! by the stars of God!" cries old Mahon, "I'd know his way of spitting and he astride the moon." His recognition, the astonishment and gradual disillusioning of the spectators, is fine. The old man thrashes his son and leads him off amid the cheers of the mob, Pegeen boxing Shawn's ears and wildly lamenting: "Oh my grief, I've lost him surely. I've lost the only play-boy of the Western World."

The fresh beauty of the speech appears with greater clearness in the book than on the stage. Mr. Synge has used only one or two words which he has not heard "among the country people of Ireland, or spoken in his own nursery before he could read the newspapers." That might seem a needless handicap; but then he uses their arrangement of these words—their idiom, their directness, their fancy that seems to be partly a quality of the words themselves. Since "Lyrical Ballads" there has hardly been such a notable purification of the diction of English verse (and prose, too) as has come in the past generation, chiefly from Irishmen like Messrs. Yeats and Synge. The best of the old ballads are not more direct. The quite unbookish phrases are like the speech of very young children of high courage, and yet have in them at times great subtlety and fitness to the moods of modern men. Mr. Synge's play is a mine of those phrases. His characters being simple country people and not considerably moved, we need not expect a wide range or much subtlety. Yet when his inkeeper says:

"Where would I get a pot-boy? Would you have me send the bell-man screaming in the streets of Castlebar?"—

When Christy says:

"It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty, hungry stomach failing from your heart"—

or:

"If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl"—

when the Widow Quin speaks of

"Looking out on the schooners, hookers, trawlers is sailing the sea, and I thinking on the gallant hairy fellows are drifting beyond, and myself long years living alone"—

we relish speech as a really thirsty man does water. Not many writers can hope to mend their writing by listening to Irish peasant girls through a thin floor, but a comparison of Mr. Synge's prose with the leading article or literary criticism of to-day will perhaps knock some young men off their stilts before it is too late. By nature or by art, we must achieve a speech something like this which corresponds with the thought almost onomata-poetically, or fail.

THE HAMBLEDON MEN. Edited by E. V. Lucas. 2s. 6d. net. (London: Frowde.)

This is another reprint of John Nyren's "Young Cricketer's Tutor," together with the same writer's "Cricketers of My Time," Mitford's review of Nyren in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and an article on Nyren by Mr. Lucas; and a collection of other matter that bears on the great cricketers before round-arm bowling, viz., Mr. Pycroft's "Hambledon Club," William Clarke's "Letter," and Bishop Montgomery's "Conversation with Lord Bessborough," Haygarth's "Memoirs of Old Players," articles on Clarke and Budd and his friends by Mr. Lucas, and as an introduction Mr. Lang's "Ballade of Dead Cricketers," and as epilogue Mr. Cochrane's "England, Past and Present." There are men who wish to know what five of Hambledon and five of West Kent scored at single-wicket in 1771; who will thank Mr. Lucas for going through Lillywhite and giving Nyren's scores between 1801 and 1808; and will be glad to hear that Bessborough thought Lillywhite and Broadbridge the best of the original round-arm bowlers. The illustrations will please still more—pictures of early games, portraits of men like Tom Walker, J. Nyren, William Beldham, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Lambert, and the "Old Cricketer" stately in front of a great house, with the Downs behind, perhaps once the signboard of a Hampshire inn, and J. Nyren's setting to Byron's "Fill the Goblet Again." But what will please most and please longest is the admirable writing in the book. Whether Nyren wrote what goes by his name we cannot decide, but it is certain that great knowledge and great enthusiasm have here been fortunately aided by a gift of words, fairly common in the speech of hearty men, but rare in the written words of themselves and their critics. Mr. Lang is a clever writer, and his ballade is a clever thing, but Nyren has a dozen things more joyous than:

"Ah, where be Beldham now, and Brett,
Barker, and Hogsflesh, where be they?"

For example:

"How those fine brown-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! And then, what stuff they had to drink!—Punch!—not your new *Ponche à la Romaine*, or *Ponche à la Groseille*, or your modern cat-lap milk punch—punch bedeviled; but good, unsophisticated John-Bull stuff—stark!—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! Sixpence a bottle! We had not sixty millions of interest to pay in those days. The ale too!—not the modern horror under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do;—not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog—and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface!—This immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence per pint. The immeasurable villainy of our vintners would, with their march of intellect (if ever they could get such a brewing), drive a pint of it out into a gallon. . . ."

There is no cleverness here, but knowledge, enthusiasm,

feeling, and how much of these is in the ballade? Even when Nyren is not on the heights with ale, how charming he is, as in the sentences of praise for the old cricketers' characters that come at the end of each sketch: "He had a plain and honest-looking face, and was beloved by all his acquaintance"—"He was without guile and was an attached friend"—"He was a creature of a transparent and unflawed integrity—plain, simple and candid; uncompromising, yet courteous; civil and deferential, yet no cringer." Then again, the picture of the ring when Noah Mann was sent in last and there were ten runs to get:

"There was Sir Horace Mann, walking about, outside the ground, cutting down the daisies with his stick—a habit with him when he was agitated; the old farmers leaning forward upon their tall old staves, and the whole multitude perfectly still."

Mitford is pretty good, too, but neither naïve nor a master. And Mr. Lucas contrives to write some excellent history with his customary grace, minuteness, accuracy and good humour.

ROMAN SCULPTURE, FROM AUGUSTUS TO CONSTANTINE. By Mrs. Arthur Strong, LL.D. 130 plates. 10s. 6d. net. (London: Duckworth and Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

It has certainly been habitual with most of us to look towards Greece as the somewhat exclusive source of beauty in ancient sculpture—to such an extent that Roman art was regarded as almost purely imitative, to be considered at most with half-contemptuous attention, its merits attributed to Hellenic influence, its faults admitted to be its own. The best Greek sculpture does indeed approach nearly the ideal of attainment, according to its own standards, so that we are tempted to accept it as the universal criterion. Beside its easy mastery of the perfect in the choice and disposition of its subject, in its rhythm of line and poise and grouping, other endeavours seem either harsh and clumsy, or weak and emasculate. It may be that Greek art has constituted a prejudice which not only affects our judgment but hinders our production: a similar disservice to that of Latinity towards literature in the eighteenth century. Among those, however, who have enjoyed the opportunity of extensive study of Roman sculpture at first hand, and who chose to form an opinion from their own observation, rather than from the received tradition in this matter, a different view has obtained, and Mrs. Arthur Strong, in this volume, asks for a more catholic attitude towards Roman art. In her comparison of the Trajan column with the Parthenon frieze (pp. 206, 207), she contrasts the inspirations of the Roman and Greek artists, in illustration of her contention; if we have understood this rightly, it is that the former applied their genius and skill to the expression of an ideal totally distinct from the Hellenic, and that it is in their own work that we must discover that ideal, so that we may judge them according to their realisation of it, and not by the standards of Greece. This is a fair demand, and readers of the book will find that it is put forward in a convincing manner. The numerous photographic plates, which are admirably clear, argue strongly in favour of the theory. Mrs. Strong has reserved the discussion of Roman potraiture for the last chapter of her book. In spite of Hellenic influence, which Mrs. Strong emphasises here more than we had expected, surely the genius of the race finds notable expression in the wonderful marble portraits. It is realism, but not in the ugly sense which the term has acquired in literature and modern art, for their beauty arrests us in galleries full of beautiful things; as our author very justly remarks, "Since there can be no artistic achievement without an informing idea, it is evidently absurd to talk of a realistic as opposed to an idealistic art." We might call the art that produced these heads literal, rather than realistic; not a line, not a wrinkle is spared by the artist, not a weakness, not a vice, not a virtue of the subject but stands as nakedly on the stone face as it stood on the flesh. When we have stood for a while before one of these busts, we feel the impact—not of a type, not of a symbol, but of a personality.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES, 1852-1870. By Le Petit Homme Rouge. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

We are to assume that the author is the Little Red Man, who haunted the Tuileries, and appeared, at various times and in various places, to those involved in the destinies of the old palace, to warn them of the fatal outcome of their errors. He has chosen that period of magnificent Court-life which preceded the annihilation by fire, in 1871, of this noble edifice, which witnessed so many and such gallant festivities under its kings and emperors. If we are not to be quite solemn in our belief, that this book owes its existence to the *genius loci* of the Tuileries, we are at least assured that the author frequented the palace and its inmates during the reign of Napoleon III., and has supplemented his own observation with carefully collected documentary evidence. The result is a thorough investigation of the conditions, manners and economy of Court-life over the period noticed; touching politics very lightly, and merely by way of illustration, the writer gives his attention especially to the social aspects of his subject, both in its graver and more frivolous aspects. It is perhaps a matter of regret that a chapter is not devoted to the literary life of the time, which could have been brought within the limits of the book. In tone it is grave and weighty, here and there a trifle heavy; but, on the whole, it is very readable from a literary point of view, being well written and mildly seasoned with anecdote. But the writer has something more in view than to give entertainment to the casual reader and observer; he has collected and arranged a mass of curious detail that will be of great interest to the historical student. It is a conscientious and methodical work. Some interesting light is thrown on the character of that enigmatical personage, its Imperial tenant.

"DICK DONOVAN" (J. E. PRESTON MUDDOCK). Pages from an Adventurous Life. Thirty-one Illustrations. 16s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Tristram Shandy's remark about writing, that it is "but a different name for conversation," however false as a general statement, is true of some branches of the craft, and in particular of a certain kind of autobiography, to which the present volume belongs. The writer takes up the pen with a mind to let the reader into his confidence, and, reviewing his lifetime in a loose order of narrative, engages him in a species of desultory conversation. If the familiar tone is sincere, the style has a charm peculiar to itself—a charm of address which Dickens uses supremely in "David Copperfield," and Montaigne in his "Essays." Mr. Preston Muddock—more and most widely known as "Dick Donovan"—has adopted the discursive manner with very happy results in these "pages," which are pleasant reading. The matter is abundantly interesting, the style fluent and graphic, and the author's good humour and cordiality induce a similar mood in the reader. He has much to tell about literary life of the last thirty years, and particularly about the origin and history of the Savage Club. His chapters are enlivened with anecdotes, humorous and pathetic. Here is a story about Hood, which combines the two qualities, and is worth repeating: "Poor Tom! A day or two before his death I sat by his bedside in his pretty little room facing Peckham Rye, and incidentally asked him what was really the nature of his complaint. With a sweet smile on his sunken face, and in a voice that would not rise above a whisper, he replied: 'The doctor tells me it's something the matter with the colon, so, of course, there will be a com(m)a, and then a full stop.'" The earlier chapters, dealing with his adventures in many lands, are not the least interesting part of the book. As a lad, he was in Calcutta at the time of the mutiny; there, on the outskirts of the storm, he was "conscious of the electricity in the atmosphere, of the tension, of the something that might happen," and though he makes light of them, some of his own escapes were sufficiently "hairbreadth." But adventure is his element; we follow him to China, to Australia, and other lands, and admire equally his talent for getting into scrapes, and his genius for getting out of them. The book is illustrated with photographs of distinguished "Savages," and others.

NAPOLEON AT THE BOULOGNE CAMP. By Fernand Nicolay. Price 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

M. Fernand Nicolay is a Boulonnais by parentage, also by residence; the possessor of many documents, hitherto unpublished, concerning the famous Camp at Boulogne; and a great admirer of Napoleon. Besides these qualifications for his task, in his boyhood, and since then, he had many opportunities of talking to survivors of the Grand Army, and to old Boulonnais who had served as seamen in the "invasion-flotilla," and had, some of them, themselves seen and spoken with the Emperor. Nobody, therefore,

could have a better claim to undertake the authorship of the history of the historic camp, and he has acquitted himself well in that. No doubt there are many of his readers who will differ from his conclusions on some points, particularly where he deals with the extent of the anxiety caused in England over the threatened descent, during the two years before Trafalgar. Nor is it necessary at this time of day, and knowing also what we do from the State archives and military memoirs of the period, to discuss at length what some people thought then, and whether Napoleon really had the intention of making the venture. The Emperor, we are told as well, "had the courage to abandon a scheme so alluring to his bold spirit!" But, at any rate, the book is a genuinely interesting one; a book that everybody who wants to know something of the most critical period, perhaps, in the history of the British empire, should read, and will probably, in parts, read over again. Particularly interesting, if not absorbing, to the general reader will be found the chapter entitled "The Psychology of Napoleon"—a fascinating study. It is well translated by Miss Georgina L. Davis, and is admirably equipped with numerous and striking illustrations, collected from very many sources, including also contemporary prints unknown on this side of the Channel.

JULIE DE LESPINASSE. By the Marquis de Ségur. Translated from the French. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

Interest in the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse has induced a number of people to read her letters to Guibert in the hope of discovering the secret of her fascinating personality, but the result is unsatisfactory, for the letters fail to elucidate much that is necessary for a complete understanding of the woman whom Marmantel described as possessing the most ardent soul since the days of Sappho. The Marquis de Ségur has supplied the missing information in his excellent biography, which is, in fact, a collection of all the material available on the subject. He has had access to a number of hitherto unpublished documents, among them the original letters in the archives of Count Villeneuve-Guibert, Marquis de Vichy, which have since been published in France under the supervision of the owner. The sidelight which the Marquis de Ségur throws for the first time upon the birth and education of Mlle. de Lespinasse explains much that coloured her after life, and was previously obscure; and the whole forms a very perfect and clear reflection of a remarkable woman. The translation is good, but an error on page 176 ought to have been avoided. Mme. de Boufflers appears, according to a quotation from Horace Walpole's letters, as though "she is eternally posing before a biograph"; it should, of course, be "sitting for her picture to her biographer."

Notes on New Books.

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

Mr. Barry Pain generally has something fresh to say, and says it well; if he has nothing fresh to say, he still says it well. Speaking out of his experience as a publisher's reader, an editor and a reviewer, Mr. Pain is well able to give some **First Lessons in Story-Writing.** (2s. 6d. net.) He says that of the number of stories which came to his hands, "quite a large percentage were from writers of ability, who were failing from ignorance, from mistaken ideas of what was wanted in a story-writer, or from vulgar aims, inspired, perhaps, by a study of successful charlatans." And it is to such as these he offers this teaching. In his little volume there are eight chapters on such themes as "How one thinks of a Story"; on "Style and Banality"; on "Dialogue"; the "Selection of Material," and other salient points. To the author who is beginning, we can recommend, and shall continue to recommend, this lively counsellor, for it imparts such wise hints in such an entertaining manner, that the reader enjoys the teaching and the strictures, even as he lays them to heart. There is many a smile in the small volume, but the counsel is quite sound for all that. Common-sense and practical rules are here presented in paragraphs which arrest the eye and remain in the mind; and we prophesy that editors, as well as young authors, will be very grateful to Mr. Pain.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Although we cannot as a rule fully approve of biographies of living persons, some of the volumes in Mr. John Lane's "Stars of the Stage" Series, are pleasant exceptions indeed. Among these, Miss E. A. Browne's volume on **W. S. Gilbert** (2s. 6d. net) is convincing, timely, and varied in interest. Now that the man who has amused us so well and so often—who has even given his name to a special type of humour—has just given us again another season of enjoyment, and has himself been honoured by the King, it is fitting that we should learn something more of him than that he has been our genial satirist for a generation or so. Miss Browne's book is more than an "interview," more than that much-vulgarised bit of writing, an "appreciation;" it is appreciative, and it is rich in personal detail, but it is also informing, and good to read. Here we have Gilbert serious as well as humorous; we learn more of his work than is included in his comic operas, and we see much of the evolution of the "Bab Ballads" in those operas themselves. There are anecdotes and reminiscences worth remembering among these ninety-four pages, and some very interesting and unique illustrations.

The little book, **Alfred Bruneau**, by Arthur Hervey (2s. 6d. net), illustrated with portraits of M. Bruneau at various ages, contains, in its slight compass, a very fair epitome of the composer's personality and work. Mr. Hervey has handled his subject concisely, and those who are following the modern evolution of operatic music, will find the book serviceable within its limits. M. Bruneau is one of those who have followed Wagner with regard to the construction of musical drama. "In some cases," says Mr. Hervey, "the influence of the Bayreuth master has been almost too great, and has proved deleterious. In others it has acted as an incentive to further conquests in the realms of sound. The subject of the present volume offers a striking example of this . . . Alfred Bruneau, while fully accepting the leading reforms promulgated by the German master, has given proof of exceptional originality, and has, indeed, created a special style of musical drama." M. Bruneau's best-known works, as "Le Rêve," "Messidor," and "l'Attaque du Moulin," take their subjects from stories by Emile Zola.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

A Handbook of Egyptian Religion, by Adolf Erman, translated by A. S. Griffith, with 130 illustrations (10s. 6d. net), is a book of deep charm. Osiris, *the eternal Lord*; Thoth, *the bull among the stars*; Re, *he who made the hours and fashioned the days*; Bast, the cat-headed; Apis, at whose death "the pious wear mourning garments"; Ptah, the divine sculptor; something in the very sound of such names and attributes must stir, you would think, the most sluggish imagination. "For these names of the gods possess terrible powers. If one of them *is uttered on the bank of the river, the torrent is set free, and if one is uttered on land, flashes of light are emitted.*" The Egyptian religion, with its astounding ritual, its mysticism, its long tradition, and its moral bearing, touches our own belief and attitude more nearly than does the lore of those irresponsible deities of Greece and Rome. *I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, and a passage over the river to him who hath no boat*—these are the words of the soul in the Judgment Hall, according to the Book of the Dead, and the Christian's justification by charity is to be stated in almost identical terms. This carefully constructed handbook, written by one who is an authority on the subject, and possesses, moreover, the power of lucid expression, is an historical survey of the growth and decay of Egyptian religion over a period of three thousand years; it is learned and most happily free from any trace of pedantry, conveying a deal of solid information in a concise and most readable form. By quoting aptly and amply from the religious books of Egypt, Professor Erman combines exactitude of detail with the beauty of language and imagery which these wonderful documents display. But the unitalicised text is written with great distinction, and here the translator must receive a good share of our gratitude. The book is practical in intention, but will appeal not only to the student, but to those who are drawn to the philosophy, the sombre poetry and mysticism of the Egyptian creed.

Probably most of us, when we have read much and deliberately, enjoy hearing the views of some other omnivorous reader; perhaps we rejoice still more in airing our own views. These tendencies have operated in creating the appreciative essay, and have provided both for its production and its market. Mr. Bradford Torrey comes forward with his little volume entitled **Friends on the Shelf** (5s. net), and he should find a well-disposed audience of brother readers. It is a pleasant book; a book for book-lovers, a book for idle hours and literary rumination, liberally sprinkled with quotation marks (which means that the author calls on his friends to speak for themselves); it is a fresh and unhackneyed little book. Mr. Torrey has an easy and direct style, and a keen appreciation of literary form. He says some hard things, incidentally, about our good Sterne—would like, indeed, to speak a piece of his mind to the "smirking, winking, face-making clergyman, who has such pretty feelings," but although we do not agree with him, perhaps we can understand the sentiment; for Sterne makes a bold bid for the reader's sympathy, and where he fails in enlisting it, he will have a tart critic to deal with. Nor can it be denied that he sometimes smirks and winks and grimaces overmuch. Moreover, Mr. Torrey has much to say about some others which does not call for dissent, or even qualification—about Hazlitt and FitzGerald and Stevenson, about Anatole France and Thoreau. There are five discursive little essays at the end of the book—on Verbal Magic, on Quotability, etc. It all makes pleasant reading, and is evidently the outcome of a discriminative enthusiasm. The book may be recommended to such as will understand the title—"Friends on the Shelf."

In the **New Chronicles of Rebecca** (6s.), by Kate Douglas Wiggin, old lovers of "Rebecca" will find much to please and

amuse them; but the stories in themselves are rather thin, and we strongly advise readers to become acquainted with the little, old-fashioned American girl first in the pages of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." These chronicles are pathetic, humorous, descriptive, and well-written, as far as they go, but they lack the fullness and vigour and the heart-appeal of the earlier work. "Rebecca" deserves to be known from the start, and then the "New Chronicles" of her will gain a double interest.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Said the Rose, and other lyrics, by George Henry Miles, with its introduction by John Churton Collins (3s. 6d.), comes to us from Messrs. Longmans. It is bad enough to write indifferent verse, but to revive the indifferent verse of a dead man, and introduce it with fifty pages of biography and laudation is an indiscretion which we cannot sufficiently condemn in Mr. Churton Collins. G. H. Miles's verses, here printed, contain nothing that does not appear more purely mediocre than ever after a second reading, if also gentle, graceful, and on the side of the angels. To judge from Mr. Collins's introduction, he had not read many of these verses at the time, so that he is, perhaps, rather to be congratulated on the venial oversight than condemned for an indiscretion which few will ever see.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the author of **The Last Blackbird** and other lines (3s. 6d. net), is an unknown poet, and one of the most interesting *débutants* we have met for years. He has observation, fine feeling, a touch of real romance, and, above all, an intensely personal style that has been wrought up to his needs by nature and art, and is incapable of anything easy, vague, or gross. His range is wide. He attempts the ironic burlesque; the purely humorous; the bookish (and in this his "My Books" has hardly been excelled since Lionel Johnson's "Oxford Nights"); the narrative; and the lyrical. He has the mannerisms of an enthusiastic nature, and at times he does not elaborate sufficiently to avoid awkwardness and obscurity; but he has nothing to fear from the rivalry of anyone who has begun writing these last five years.

MRS. E. GRANT RICHARDS.

Her Brother's Letters (3s. 6d. net)—which, by the way, seem to have been written by "her sister"—are of that kind which are attractive and unctuous, provocative and priggish; too obviously mannish, and sometimes manly. In short they are a mixture of truths and false platitudes. They are supposed to be from Lent Carson to his sister Christine, telling her with true brotherly kindness, how women's actions are criticised by men, and what she ought to do in such matters as wearing a low-necked dress, gushing over a popular actor, allowing a man to hold her when dancing, choosing a husband, and joining a club—the advice being generally an echo of "Mr. Punch's" to those about to marry. Mr. Carson held some good working opinions, with many of which many men will agree; but we do not much wish to meet him—or the friends who confided their convictions to him.

New Books of the Month.

JUNE 10TH TO JULY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRAHAMS, ISRAEL, M.A.—Judaism, 1s. net ..... (Constable)
This new volume in the *Religions Ancient and Modern* Series is distinct in its way from the other volumes in the series. Being written by an author who is himself a fervent Jew, there is a personal strength and vividness in the story of the origin, growth, and evolution of the religion termed Judaism. These people of Law and Prayer, who consider that they have still to teach the whole world by and with the strength of their creed, these people of one community and no nation, are here revealed and described with a personal knowledge and sympathy added to a scholarly and tolerant mind.

BUNYAN, JOHN.—Sighs From Hell. The Red-Hot Library (Salvation Army Book Department)

Esther, The Book of. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D. 1s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)

GIBSON, RT. REV. EDGAR C. S., D.D., Bishop of Gloucester.—The Old Testament in the New, 3s. 6d. (Wells Gardner)
The twelve Warburtonian Lectures, delivered from time to time in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Gibson has made his book one of definite help and instruction by avoiding the vague and discursive treatment of the subject, and choosing instead certain distinct trains of thought and following them clearly. The volume is full, too, of interest apart from its theological teaching, for the bishop has an observant eye of the mind, and his thoughts travel far, and his allusions are consequently fresh and wide.

PRINGLE-PATTISON, A. SETH, LL.D.—The Philosophical Radicals, and Other Essays. 6s. net. ..... (Blackwood)

NEW EDITION.

MARTINEAU, JAMES.—Endeavours after the Christian Life. Introduction by J. Estlin Carpenter. New Universal Library. 1s. net ..... (Routledge)

FICTION.

Anon.—Her Brother's Letters. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net (E. Grant Richards)

BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND, and EDWARD PEPLE.—Richard the Brazen, 6s. ..... (Greening)

CARANE, MICHAEL.—Jane Matcham, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Marcotte of Park Lane, 6s. (Greening)

COPPING, ARTHUR E.—Gotty and the Guv'nor, 6s. (E. Grant Richards)

CROCKETT, S. R.—Me and Myn, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

DAVIS, M. E. M.—The Price of Silence, 6s. ..... (Constable)

DEEPING, WARWICK.—A Woman's War, 6s. ..... (Harper)

FINNEMORE, JOHN.—The Secret Entrance, 6s. (Ward, Lock)

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Itinerant Daughters, 6s. (John Long)

GERARD, MORICE.—Dr. Manton, 6s. ..... (John Long)

GOULD, NAT.—The Chance of a Lifetime, 2s. ... (John Long)

GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.—Vaiti of the Islands, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING.—Dr. Burton. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

GUTHRIE, RAMSAY.—Neddy Jacques and Others, 2s. 6d. (Dalton, London)

HAMILTON, ANTHONY.—The Palm-Oil Ruffian, 6s. (Greening)

HAY, WILLIAM.—Herridge of Reality Swamp, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Bachelor Girls. Illustrated. 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

JAMES, WINIFRED.—Bachelor Betty, 6s. ..... (Constable)

KNIGHT, MAUDE C.—Chance the Changeling, 6s. (Greening)

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Count's Chauffeur, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

MEADE, L. T.—Kindred Spirits, 6s. ..... (John Long)

MOBERLY, L. G.—Dan —— and Another. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)

MONTRESOR, F. F.—The Burning Torch, 6s. ... (John Murray)

ST. LEGER, EVELYN.—Diaries of Three Women of the Last Century, 6s. ..... (Arrowsmith)

SCOTT, C. A. DAWSON.—The Story of Anna Beames, 6s. (Heinemann)

TYTLER, SARAH.—Innocent Masqueraders, 6s. ... (John Long)

VALENTINE, EDWARD U., and S. ECCLESTON HARPER.—The Red Sphinx, 6s. ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)

WALDERICK, FREDERICK.—The Prophet, 6s. (Lawrence and Jellicoe)

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Marriage Broker, 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)
Miss Warden was commissioned by the publisher to write a novel on the theme of the matrimonial agent. Here we have the result. A searching light is thrown upon the methods of certain impecunious men and women on the fringe of society, who keep their pretty houses going and enjoy their comforts by the bringing together of wealth and titles, and earning a "little gratitude" from both "parties concerned." Miss Florence Warden shows a sordid side of human nature in this novel which is not very heartening, but she manages now, as always, to introduce a certain amount of excitement into her novel, and the happy ending to the story which was intended to be one of barter, and evolves into one of love, is pleasantly romantic.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—New Chronicles of Rebecca. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Constable)

WINTLE, GILBERT.—The Gentleman Tramp, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
A capital novel for the holidays. It is just the narrative of action and pluck and excitement which will be a pleasure to the inactive who are resting, temporally, from their labours. Lying on the sands or the moors, they can thrill with the excitement of the adventures of Jack Stanley, who was robbed of his inheritance, but rose to the occasion, and followed the treasure to its hiding-place at last. The dangers and privations of the robbed heir's life will stimulate the fancy of the comfortable reader, and even his dealings with the Jews will entertain rather than disgust them. A holiday-book, full of sensation and incident.

WINTLE, HAROLD.—A Mirror of Folly, 6s. (Brown, Langham)

WYNDHAM, HORACE.—Reginald Auberon, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

NEW EDITIONS.

Anon.—None so Pretty, 6s. ..... (Longmans)

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE.—Jane Eyre. New Universal Library. 1s. net ..... (Routledge)

COBBOLD, RICHARD.—Margaret Catchpole. World's Classics. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)

DE MAUPASSANT, GUY.—A Woman's Soul. Translated by Henry Blanchamp. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Greening)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Great Expectations. World's Classics. Illustrated. Pocket Edition. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)
We cannot agree with the critics—and they have been many—who regard "Great Expectations" as one of Dickens's minor novels. It is a book full of charm, and it contains pages of humour and splendid description which Dickens never excelled. Joe Gargery has been well described as Dickens's finest picture of a gentleman. There are names in this book charged with unforgettable associations—Pip,

Herbert Pocket, Miss Havisham, Jaggers, etc. There is certainly no more enthralling book to slip into the pocket for a holiday than this delightful edition of a glorious novel.

HOPE, ANTHONY.—The King's Mirror, 7d. net ..... (Nelson)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Secret Passage, 6d. ..... (John Long)
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. D. Innes. 2s. (Clarendon Press)
PAIN, BARRY.—Wilhelmina in London, 1s. net ... (John Long)
WALES, HUBERT.—Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, 1s. net (John Long)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—The History of David Grieve, 7d. (Nelson)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ADAMS, ALFRED WALLACE.—Life's Cameos, 4s. 6d. net (Elliot Stock)
BEARD, JAMES R.—The Secret Fancies of a Business Man, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Sherratt and Hughes)
BOGLE, MARGARET MACLEAN.—Witcheries and Other Verses ..... (Gardner)
BROWN, JOHN LEWIS.—Istar and Tammuz, and Other Poems, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Kegan Paul)
COUTTS, FRANCIS.—The Heresy of Job. With Illustrations after William Blake. 5s. net ..... (John Lane)
DE REUTER, HUBERT.—The Gipsy Melodies, 2s. 6d. net (Bumpus)
DENWOOD, JOHN (1845-1890).—Cumbrian Carols and Other Poems ..... (Coward, Carlisle)
EDWARDS, ZACHARY.—Avilion, and Other Poems, 5s. net (Chapman and Hall)
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—From Inland, and Other Poems, 1s. net ..... (Alston Rivers)
IBSEN, HENRIK.—Collected Works. Vols. IX., X. Introductions by William Archer. 4s. each .....(Heinemann)
MACKIE, GASCOIGNE.—Short Poems, 1s. net (Blackwell, Oxford)
Minor Poet Sings, A., 3s. 6d. net (Murray and Co., 180, Brompton Road, S.W.)
PRESLAND, JOHN.—The Marionettes, 5s. net ..... (Unwin)

There is passion and to spare in Mr. Presland's verses, but the execution is unequal, and the happiest phrases are reminiscences of familiar lines. We wonder why young poets will persist in rhyming "torn" and "dawn" when both words are capable of so many correct rhymes. Mr. Presland lays himself open to a charge of want of humour by writing lines like this:—

"And eager expectation takes me by the hair."

PURDON, LILIAN FRANCES.—An Egyptian Cinderella, 2s. net ..... (Thomas Burleigh)
RADFORD, DOLLIE.—A Ballad of Victory, and Other Poems, 1s. net ..... (Alston Rivers)
RANKIN, JOHN B.—Voces Amoris, 3s. 6d. net ... (John Long)
SHAW, BERNARD.—John Bull's Other Island. How He Lied to Her Husband, etc. 6s. ..... (Constable)
WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE.—The Work of Cecil Rhodes. A Sonnet-Sequence. 1s. 6d. ..... (Frowde)

NEW EDITIONS.

Aristophanes: Four Plays. Translated into English Verse by John Hookham Frere. World's Classics. 1s. net (Frowde)

In this volume we have the cream of Aristophanes' wit—the Knights, the Birds, the Acharnians, the Frogs—translated into brilliant English verse. There is abundance of anachronisms in Frere's renderings, but never before or since have the boundless wit and metrical dexterity of the Greek poet been so happily and faithfully preserved for the English reader. This is emphatically one of the very few cases where a classic has been translated into a classic.

Byron, Poems of Lord. Selected, and with an Introduction, by Charles Whibley, M.A. The Golden Poets. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
Dunbar, The Poems of William. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by H. Ballyse Baildon. 6s. net (Cambridge University Press)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—The Spanish Gypsy, etc. With Photogravure. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Blackwood)
Herbert, Poems of George. The World's Classics. Pocket Edition. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)
SYMONDS, J. A.—Wine, Woman, and Song. King's Classics Series ..... (Chatto)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND SPORT.

ASTLEY, REV. H. J. DUKINFIELD, M.A., Litt.D.—Bury St. Edmunds. Notes and Impressions.
BARING-GOULD, S., M.A.—A Book of the Cevennes. Illustrated in Colour. 6s. ..... (John Long)
BROOKE, STOPFORD A.—The Sea-Charm of Venice, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)
BROWNE, EDITH A.—W. S. Gilbert, 2s. 6d. net...(John Lane)
BUCHANAN, GEORGE.—Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies. 1906. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Maclehose, Glasgow)
Byrne, Memoirs of Miles. Introduction by Stephen Gwynn, M.P. 2 Vols. 15s. ..... (Maunsel and Co.)
CALVERT, ALBERT F.—Seville. Illustrated 3s. 6d. net (John Lane)
CANNING, HON. ALBERT S. G.—British Writers on Classic Lands, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CLARKE, SIR ERNEST, M.A., F.S.A.—The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond. Bury St. Edmunds Pageant Edition. 1907. 1s. ..... (John Murray)
DIXON, W. WILLMOTT.—Queens of Beauty. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson)

Twenty-six excellent pictures and eighteen biographical essays go to make up this book of beauty. The Queens selected range from Lucy Hutchinson to the Countess of Jersey, who died in 1867. Thus Mr. Dixon has allowed himself a wide scope, with the result that he has been able to choose subjects full of interest and romance. He retells the familiar stories with freshness and vivacity, and his book is vastly more entertaining than most novels.

DONOGHUE, M. E.—The Log of H.M.S. *Crescent*, 4s. net (Westminster Press)
DUTT, W. A.—Bury St. Edmunds. Homeland Handbook. 6d. net ..... (Homeland Association, 22, Bride Lane)
FEA, ALLAN.—Nooks and Corners of Old England, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
GROBEN, COUNTESS GUNTHER.—Ralph Heathcote: Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the Time of Napoleon. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net (John Lane)
HERVEY, ARTHUR.—Alfred Bruneau, 2s. 6d. net (John Lane)
KENNEDY, HOWARD ANGUS.—New Canada and the Canadians, 3s. 6d. ..... (Horace Marshall)
KINGSLEY, ROSE G.—Eversley Gardens, and Others. Illustrated. 6s. net ..... (George Allen)
LINDLEY, PERCY.—Summer Holidays...(30, Fleet Street, E.C.)
NEWETT, M. MARGARET, B.A.—Canon Pietro Casola's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. 1494 (University Press, Manchester)
OLIPHANT, COMMISSIONER W. ELWIN.—Savonarola: Italian Preacher and Martyr (Salvation Army Book Department)
PEARY, R. E., U.S.N.—Nearest the Pole. 1905-1906. 21s. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
Poets' Country. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrations in Colour by Francis S. Walker. 21s. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

The purpose of this volume is "to trace the relations of the poets with the aspects of 'their ain countrie,' or with the scenes where they built their homes or pitched their transient camps." In all two dozen poets are treated of, ranging from Chaucer to Tennyson. Half of the book is written by Professor Churton Collins, the editor himself being responsible for Scott and Shelley. There are fifty plates in colour.

R. W. W.—John Philpot Curran. 1750-1817. Illustrated. 1s. (Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Dublin)
STONE, J. M.—The Church in English History (Sands and Co.)
Union of 1707, The. A Survey of Events. By Various Writers. Introduction by P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. (Outram, Glasgow)
WADHAM, PERCY.—Pranks in Provence. Illustrated. 5s. (Brown, Langham)
WESTON, REV. FRANK H., M.A.—The Prayer-Book in the Making, 5s. net ..... (John Murray)
WILLIAMS, HOWARD.—Pioneers of Humanity, 6d. net (Fifield)

NEW EDITIONS.

ASHDOWN, CHARLES H., F.R.G.S., etc.—The City of St. Alban. Homeland Handbook. 1s. net (Homeland Association, 22, Bride Lane)
Fanshawe, Memoirs of Ann, Lady. Reprinted from Original MS. Illustrated. 16s. net ..... (John Lane)
HUNT, LEIGH.—The Town. World's Classics. Pocket Edition. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)

This is an excellent addition to a series already distinguished for its inclusion of many classics that are unduly forgotten. It is certain that there was never a better written guide than this. Leigh Hunt, who had not a few points of resemblance to Goldsmith, had the knack of giving to the merest hackwork a touch of rare literary distinction. "The Town" needs to be supplemented by an up-to-date guide, but of the literary associations of London it is incomparably the best survey.

LEWES, G. H.—Goethe's Life at Weimar. 1775 to 1779. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Greening)
Smith, The True Travels and Adventures of Captain John. Edited, with Introduction, by Alex. J. Philip. New Universal Library. 1s. net ..... (Routledge)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

DE BOURRIENNE, L. A. F.—La Jeunesse de Bonaparte. Edited by A. Canivet. 2s. ..... (Clarendon Press)
DE STEIGER, ISABELLE.—On a Gold Basis, 3s. 6d. net (Philip Wellby)
ERMAN, ADOLF.—A Handbook of Egyptian Religion. Illustrated. Translated by A. S. Griffith. 10s. 6d. net (Constable)
FELTHWAITE, WILLIAM, and JOHN STEWART REMINGTON.—Science at Work. Illustrated. 1s. net (Guilbert Pitman)